WHISPERS
AND
ECHOES

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
Chap. PS3539 Copyright No.
Shelf .I58
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

WHISPERS

AND

ECHOES.

BY

DR. C. C. PEET.

The whisp'rings of the Soul we write;
Let those who hear its echoes, read.
Our aim, the *truth;* our object, *good*
To all the children of mankind.

OCT 14 1882
17088

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.
1882.

PS2539
.P58

Copyrighted, 1882, by C. C Peet.

Cochrane & Sampson, Printers and Stereotypers,
30 Bromfield St , Boston.

CONTENTS.

Man. A Soliloquy	7
The Song of a Flower	38
Lines written in a Lady's Autograph Album	41
Home	42
The Spirit's Powers	43
The Temple of Science	48
Onward and Upward	50
Stop and Think	51
The End of Seeming Evil	53
Love	57
Dedication written in a Lady's Book	59
Can the River cease its Motion	60
Sunset	63
Never Give Up.	65
Live To-day	67
Desire	68
I Live Not in Vain	69
What is to Be	71
Intellect	76
Song to the Martyrs	80
Mental Buckets	83
From the Fount to the Sea	85
Say Never You Can't	87
The Guide's Farewell	89
The Rose and I	92
The Unknown Songster	95
This House of Mine	97
Lines given by a Spirit at a Centennial Celebration	100
Who are the Rich?	104
What killed Dan McCurry	106
The Rose	108
Waiting and Watching	110

Smile Not Too Fondly on Me 114
Individual Freedom 115
Wounds 122
All is Well 125
The Orphan's Complaint and Prayer . . . 127
Consistency 131
A Storm 133
The Flowing Bowl 136
Man fills the Place Nature fits Him for . . . 140
A Short Sermon 148
Keep Thyself Clean 151
Ode to my Mother 153
This is the Age of Reason 156
Critics 159
Immortality of Life 161
Keep Climbing 166
Say What You Mean 169
Death 172
The Soul's Progress 174
Life's Crown 176
Cast not Pearls before Swine 178
Consciousness 180
I'm Just as Young, etc. 181
Mind Your Own Business 185
Mind Musings 187
Ask Me not to Listen 190
Infinitude 195
A Pair of Old Shoes 197
Change 199
Chicago 201
The Old Year 206
Do Your Best 207
To a January Flower 209
The Hermit's Cell 211
A Desire 213

PREFACE.

We will not dedicate our thoughts
To any class of minds,
Nor apologize to only self
For writing out these lines.

So, if any wish to know what we
Have in our brain been breeding,
They'll know as well as we can tell,
Or better, just by reading.

And if a fault they have to find,
Or criticism to offer,
We ask they 'll take the bread we break,
And at the chaff turn scoffer.

We write what's here to please ourself,
Without strict regard t' measure:
So read, or do the other thing,
For either 'll suit our pleasure.

But if a joy or truth is found
From what we herein offer,
We shall have done what we begun,
That was, — to please the Author.

WHISPERS AND ECHOES.

MAN. A SOLILOQUY.

SHALL poor, weak, vacillating man
Presume omnipotence to span;
Or bring omniscience within grasp,
That all true knowledge he may clasp;
Explore where none have ever trod,
Bounding infinity or God?
His spirit all its powers display,
Measure the rays o' the Milky Way,
Encompass the systems of worlds in space,
And bound the universe as he would a place?
Dramatize its every part,
Display all science and all art,
Show how came life, and source of sense,
Compete for the omnipotence?
Control effects and rule all cause,
Be legislator of all laws;
Direction give to universe,
Its duties to mankind rehearse;

When done retire within his clay,
And reason self no entity?
Such is man in his mental parts,
A microcosm of Nature's arts;
From minute nerve, in tissued cell,
To immortal mind, wherein dwell
The primal elements of life
Which unfold happiness and strife, —
Each nature's gifts, life, motion and sensation,
Progressive steps in cause, but not creation.
Man's spirit no contentment knows,
But grasps the whole save others' woes;
Aspires above all things to rise,
Exploring earth, sea, air and skies;
Diving into the swelling tide,
O'er mountain billows sails with pride,
In ships aërial through the air,
Self-praise and power his only care;
His great exploits oft doth rehearse,
His range the boundless universe,
Through which his soul, forever free,
Shall unfold its powers endlessly.
Man is the key in Nature's arch;
Uniting all in upward march;
Unfolds a part that will arise
Immortal as the deities.
Aspiration! engine of soul,
Thy sister, Contentment, behold

Let her sweet charms have sway in man,
Since life's a breath, and death a span.
Or, desiring a higher state,
Seek emulation from the great.
Go, live above gross passion's fire,
Or at death mourn thy lost desire;
Bequeath to earth thy form of clay,
To soul a realm of endless day.
Control yourself, 'fore others teach,
And ever practice what you preach;
Live in the present as you would be,
And make self devil or deity.
Show what thou art, how didst begin,
How much of good, what part is sin;
Analyze self, life's problem solve;
See if thy compound will dissolve;
Know if thy mind and powers of sense
Have ever been, when did commence;
How much of horse, dog, ass or ape
Belongs to thee, thy mind and shape;
Or, if thou dost aspire to sail,
What part is buzzard, goose or quail.
Man's earthly part is simply beast,
And governed by what forms his feast;
Two natures in one form combine,
The very gross and very fine;
One part formed for the higher spheres,
The other for this world of cares;

One part to ever upward rise
To realms beyond in angel skies.
All develop the primal force
Which reveals their true type and source;
Nature has for each a level,
Hence none need grumble or cavil,
For each attracts its proper kind,
The soul like soul, and mind like mind:
Some natures of the swine partake,
While others are more like the snake;
Others resemble fox and bear,
And like propensities they share;
The rat and skunk have human types,
The buzzard, gull and long-legged snipes;
And each particular grunt or squawk
Is detected in human talk.
Others, again, are like the flowers,
And beautiful as crystal showers;
With inspiration's golden beams
Spread o'er the mind in brilliant gleams;
Others in silvery tones are heard,
Happy and free as mountain bird;
No probe of reason finds a flaw
In Nature's God or Nature's law.
Who shall expound to man her will,
Or whisper, Soul, be calm and still?
Who say thy sins are all forgiven,
And sell blank passports into heaven?

Or who shall know and truly tell
Where in the future we shall dwell?
Or who grant that absolution
Which frees soul from sin's pollution?
We've no need of a go-between
To tell or show how mean we've been;
Nor ministers to pray and preach,
For *law* the *truth* to all will teach;
In everything are sermons found,
And common sense will them expound.
The allegory Adam's fall,
And the need of a special call
To preach to man true saving grace,
When Nature's powers have put in place,
Classified each thing, all races,
Assigning all their true places,
Is what Reason can't condescend
To analyze or comprehend.
Go, ask of minerals in earth
What gave them form and grades of worth;
Who piled and squared them into cubes,
And moulded crystals into globes;
Painted landscapes on agate's face,
And beautified each spot and place.
Whence came the diamond and its light,
The opal and the ruby bright?
Who rules the whirlwind and the flood,
Transforming each into a good;

Lulls the tempest to gentle rest,
Spreads the rain o'er the mountain's crest,
Wafts it by gentle breeze along
To brighten earth with its sweet song?
The thunder's roar and lightning's flame
Returned again from whence they came,
All nature, hushed, lies calm and still,
Controlled by more than human will.

What being can select his place,
And choose him honor or disgrace;
Or who control that potent cause
That governs all by perfect laws?
'Tis circumstances make the man,
And make him leader of a van
Wherein march both the clown and fool
Who support and pay a tyrant's rule.

Man's destiny is fixed as fate,
Notwithstanding some loudly prate
And tell who'll go to world of bliss,
And to that other, worse than this.

Who knows but consciousness may end
With mankind here? Should Nature lend
Her forces and amend her rules
To please the whim of canting fools?
What more are we than forms of thought,
A state in matter *law* has wrought
From everything beneath our kind,
Unfolded, moulded and refined,

All living forms, both small and great,
Perfected till they cogitate
And develop powers of their own
Individual life to enthrone?
The eye of spirit ever sees
Nature's vast powers and potencies
Moving on from low to higher,
Ever drawing nearer, nigher,
To that grand state where they will think,
Forming a chain whose ev'ry link
Connects the one eternal cause
To all things here by changeless laws;
And lowest forms of life we see,
And parts of Nature's mystery.

What each has felt, heard, seen and knows,
All pain and pleasure, joys and woes,
All dreams and visions when at rest,
The love of friends cherished and blest,
All fancy paints of things unknown,
Temptations felt and fears when lone,
The secrets of each mind and heart,
From Mem'ry's throne can ne'er depart.
Ah! 'tis mem'ry that makes us live,
T'is from its fount that all receive;
Life's experiences reviews,
Naught that is asked does it refuse;
It is the clerk that Heaven employs,
Its record time nor death destroys.

If, when scanning the chain of life,
It shows links forged by wrong and strife,
'Tis done to point the better way,
That from the right none more may stray;
'Tis artist-queen upon life's throne,
And photographs all work that's done;
In judgment's hall hangs life's great book,
That all may see just how they look,
And, by viewing each pictured page,
Behold life's drama, play and stage.
What a vast record it contains
Of noble deeds, and blots and stains!
No thought or wish, formed or expressed,
But what is perfectly impressed
Upon pages of its journal,
To be reviewed in realms supernal.
Oh, what a panorama to behold
As the vast future shall each act unfold,
And show all the good or bad we have done
Since life's unending race was first begun!
We all amongst mankind are hurled,
And have a sphere just like the world;
Some have an orbit of their own,
Revolving in the bounds of home;
Others servants, mere satellites,
Ruled by larger, steadier lights,
Whilst others have no place nor sphere,
But, like comets, move everywhere.

All have a world to imitate,
And corresponding light radiate;
Some bright and large, some dim and small,
Ever varying each with all,
Precisely like the worlds in space,
Orbit, sphere, with a path and place,
Destined for the same common goal,
Fitted and joined, a perfect whole,
In harmony with Nature's plan
As ordered when they first began.
How vast, mighty, incomprehensible,
Are the things in view and invisible;
And how beautiful, grand, sublime, the whole,
And the power that guides and governs all!
If microscopic eyes had we,
Methinks within each brain could see
Living, moving, reasoning germs
Crawling throughout the mind like worms.
Who knows but lesser living forms
The brain of all with gems adorn?
Glow-worms, radiating reason,
Forming us by their cohesion?
All is life, of unending growth,
That constant flows from fount of truth;
Truth is the principle above
That forms the whole by law of love.
The future is an idle dream:
Who shall perceive time's unformed stream?

The future there are none can show;
Only the present do we know.
Of things, that's been resolved upon,
As time moves, may be acted on
And developed, as prophesied
Ten thousand years before transpired;
But to know the future to be
Would forestall wisdom's deity.
Who, what shall exist before time that's not,
Supersede the present, the unknown blot!
Eternity is here, the present now;
Satisfied, accept what it will allow.
Nature is an endless and boundless cause,
Sustained and ruled by immutable laws;
Man represents its primal mental sphere,
Which the vast future may unfold more clear.
This earth is but a drop, a cell
In the infinite cuticle;
Suns and systems in realms of space,
Nerves this infinite tissue face.
Mankind are parts indefinite,
Yet in, and of, the infinite.
Why indulge in speculation?
Externals but show causation;
No parts exist, there is one soul:
Nature the endless, boundless whole.
Why do ignoble thoughts intrude
Upon sweet mem'ry's solitude,

To mar the beauties of the soul
By their unwise and blind control?
Why do men seek that craven fare
Which basest natures only share;
And why with that which we most loathe
The mind and body daily clothe?
Shall man his fellow man ignore
Because, forsooth, he cannot soar
As high up in the arch of fame
As those who've earned a greater name?
The humblest player in earth's troupe
Has an honored place in Heaven's group,
Where its soul's melody can flow
To all above and all below.

Why spurn of Nature's works the least,
Be it the insect, worm or beast?
Has not earth need of little fly,
With pretty microscopic eye,
To show the care which she bestows
On all the germs of life she grows?
Would any impeach that great Cause
Whose wisdom glows in all its laws,
And say 'twas guilty of abuse
In unfolding aught without use?
Behold how well are all supplied,
How close are each to all allied,
Linked together in one vast chain,
Unbroken ever to remain.

As lesser numbers form the whole,
So one great Cause doth all enroll.
Is not each second, minute, hour,
Ticked off on Time's eternal tower?
Is not all time of seconds made?
Is not of atoms formed the glade?
Is not each part formed for the whole,
Ruled by one power, one mind, one soul?
The finny tribes of briny deep
Are fed with worms which slowly creep
Beneath zoophyte's sprangly base,
Which covers ocean's bed with lace;
Animalcules hide within the sponge,
And on its velvet fibers lounge,
While parasite, like flake of gold,
Shines from under its wrinkled fold.

How great the power, and grand that art,
Which sustains all and rules each part;
And how nicely does Nature paint
The gorgeous robes of worm and saint!
Behold the insect's rainbowed wings,
Its silver belt and golden rings,
Its tiny beak and gay-plumed crest,
With coat of down and velvet vest:
It is a bird of insect brood,
Yielding the sparrow daily food.

The electric spark from serpent's gaze
Sets its victim's nerves all ablaze;

It fears to go, it cannot stay,
It tries to force itself away,
When the deadly charm takes quick effect,
And, if bird, flies down the serpent's neck.
The eagle with telescopic sight
Peers from its crag on mountain height,
And views the hare with panting breath
Go bounding o'er the distant heath.
Quick as thought, its swift pinions spread,
With fierce desire its mind is fed;
It cleaves the air to plain below,
Like arrow sped from strongest bow
It sails o'er where the hare has stopped;
Then, like meteor earthward dropped,
It seizes its poor, trembling prey,
And bears it to its young away.
Birds and beasts live on each other,
One contributing to another;
Nothing e'er annihilated,
Everything as contemplated;
By natural processes refined;
Matter on its true road to mind.
What is termed, by some, creation,
Is th' external manifestation
Of an invisible, living cause,
Unfolding by aggressive laws.
The loathsome bug or creeping worm
Thus preserves its decaying form,

Devouring other kinds of life
With which the world is ripe and rife,
Having no other good excuse
Save pressing wants and present use.
  Who shall presume to revive th' past,
Peer down eternity's epochs vast,
Unlock ages forever flown,
To oblivion's abyss gone?
Or who shall trace effect and cause,
To where preside their parent laws,
And with a soul invincible
Bring forth the *master principle?*
Methinks that there are none who can
The history of ages scan,
Bringing to sight monadic germ
Which robes itself in human form.
  But, trusting that there are within
Powers to aid, we will now begin,
And speculate upon the plan,
The origin and life of man:
Then, without help of any art
Save reason, Truth's angelic chart,
We'll begin a revelation,
Trusting the soul's inspiration
For the logic and argument
To sustain positions we present.
  But, ere we this vast theme pursue,
Our first great duty we will do,—

Offer up an invocation,
Praying for emancipation
From everything which might invade,
Our subject's interests to degrade.
Light! light! more light beam on the soul!
Let truthful light the mind control,
Nor withdraw its effulgent ray
While we shall with the fancies play.
Let all expressed be clear and terse
In rhythmic measure, well-formed verse,
That it endure the critic's rule,
Confounding sceptic, wit and fool.
May each thought upon these pages
Command respect of wise sages,
And each professor of Nature's arts
Find gems to please their soul-lit parts.
As the philosopher's well-stored mind
Reviews the links we've here combined,
May he find each to main chain held
By consistent, logical weld.
And if, perchance, the chemist's eye
Should new-found matter here espy,
Let him its properties assort
Through the fine powers of his retort,
And, like the alchemist of old,
Show what is dross and what pure gold.
No plea we make, nor vain excuse
For what may seem to some obtuse;

The whole we pass to human throng,
While muse and I resume our song.
Our first position's an affirmation,
That no such thing as *special creation*
Can occur under *immutable laws*,
That nature unites both effect and cause.
Whatever *is* has *eternally been*,
Be it mind, or matter, or germs of men;
Nature is dual, throughout which we find
Two opposites in everything combined.
Thus, good has its counterbalance, evil, —
With mythical authors God and Devil.
Positive good with negative evil
Blends together upon nature's level,
Uniting in everlasting embrace
To unfold the forms of each type and race.
In nature's substances are living sperms
Which unfold both the male and female germs;
Each in their order, by combinations,
Form distinct, dependent constellations.
Where positive rules is the masculine;
Where its opposite, negative, feminine.
The first possessed with power to impregnate;
The other receptive force to generate;
In their union unfolding class and kind
Suited to the elements thus combined.
The mineral kingdom rules the granite;
Their union forms this beautiful planet,

Whose offspring is a living trinity,
A sublime and glorious unity.
The first that's evolved from their relation
Are different forms of vegetation;
Whether beautiful fern or sprangly thorn,
The waving grass, or the tall golden corn,
The sturdy oak or the towering pine,
The broad-branching yew, or the climbing vine,
Flowers of every kind, shade and color,
Exhaling the most delightful odor;
Grains, seeds, nuts, and fruit of delicious taste,
To gladden man and fertilize the waste,
All contributing to th' animal race,
Each performing its true life-work in place,
Advancing onward to a higher goal,
Unfolding wherewith to sustain the soul;
Obedient to Nature's perfect laws,
The one eternal, primal wisdom cause.
The next is ev'ry grade and kind
Of animals on earth we find,
From lowest class of zoophyte
To those of greatest power and might;
From those half-formed in th' briny deep,
To the swift chargers that we keep,
Who turn their toecorks to the clouds,
And pile the winds in dusty shrouds.
Min'ral and granite combinations
Have no power of organization

Without the aid of light and heat,
Resultant forces as they meet;
Eliminated from earth and sun,
As each their spheres and orbits run.
From sun a pos'tive power descends,
Which with earth's neg'tive matter blends,
Unfolding bright effulgent rays
Which set the heavens all ablaze.
Light and heat are both created,
Are opposite forces mated,
Kissing each other in the air,
Revealing Nature pure and fair;
Combining with vegetation,
Unfold first forms of sensation,
Which, blending with primates below,
Bring higher types of life to view.

Could man behold the giant trees
Which waved their branches to the breeze
Ten thousand centuries agone,
Before organic forms were known;
Could he have pierced the close-drawn veil
Which all the senses now assail,
And viewed the herbage that arose
From Nature's breast where they repose;
Then stood upon some mountain peak,
Witnessed the awe-inspiring freak

Of Nature with volcanic probe,
As she oped up this infant globe,
Causing it to belch liquid fire,
As gratified her burning ire;
  Beheld ten thousand liquid streams
Shoot forth their incandescent gleams,
And spread o'er valley, hill and plain,
In one vast sheet of glowing flame;
Then saw those monster forests break
Beneath that hissing lava lake,
Like straws before the tempest's blast,
When madly roaring, rushing past.
  Nature was wise in its control,
In forming earth's vast fields of coal,
T' supply, for ages yet unborn,
Mankind with means to keep them warm.
  What grandeur must have been displayed
Where thus in blazing flames arrayed;
Clothed in the robes of shining light,
Condensed for this gross age of night.
  When those mighty mountain ranges,
Alleghany, Rocky, Andes,
Blue, Apennines and frozen Alps,
With granite sides and fleecy caps,
Arose from out the plain below,
To lave their crests in waves of snow.
  When Jove embraced Alma Mater,
And Vulcan forged th' red-mouthed crater.

When old Jupiter's thunders roared,
Great floods and torrents streamed and poured,
When lightnings pierced the rock-bound cape,
In crimson robes the heavens draped;
When all the elemental wars
Were generaled by the warrior Mars;
When Boreas howled with maddened breath,
And Earth seemed in the throes of death;
When oceans foamed, and roared, and hissed,
Deep briny waves each other kissed,
Then dashed their heads 'gainst barren coasts,
Like fabled Pandemonium's hosts.
When subterranean caverns burst,
And gaped and frowned like demons cursed;
When many a dark dungeon cave
Became the lonely quiet grave
For things the future will reveal
When Time Earth's caskets shall unseal, —
Exposing gems more pure and bright
Than aught that yet has greeted sight.
Chaos seemed then the only power
Which ruled in that appalling hour,
While confusion swept th' world around,
Inspiring but with awe profound.
Age on age was then swallowed up
In oblivion's unseen cup,
While Nature's substances arose,
Their inner beauties to disclose.

Gibralter 'nd Madagascar's gates,
Magellan, Dover, 'nd Behring's straits,
Were used as the ocean's highways
Leading into the gulfs and bays.
Grand, yet terribly terrific,
Surged the waves of the Pacific,
As it sought its deep coral bed,
Organic being's fountain-head.
'Twas gen'ral exhibition-day,
When on the stage, in full array,
Elements played scenes dramatic
On the roaring stage aquatic.
Broad rivers flowed, with channels deep,
Down frightful chasms both dark and steep,
Plunged to abysses far beneath,
Where misty vapors curled to wreath
Dissolving golden solar rays,
Reflecting them on sparkling sprays,
Blending crimson shades with the blue,
Uniting all in rainbow's hue.
The Mississippi and Hudson,
Missouri, Ganges, Amazon,
Jordan, Nile and beautiful Rhine,
Where Bacchus quaffed the rosy wine,
Alleghany, Ohio and Styx,
With many others, Po and Pix,
Are arteries and veins of Earth,
Leading her limpid liquids forth,

Refreshing mountain, vale and plain,
Robing them with sweet flowers and grain.
Oceans and seas are vital parts
From whence her pulsing life-tide starts;
The lakes and springs are nerves and glands,
Which spread themselves o'er all the lands,
Beating, throbbing at ev'ry pore,
Responsive to her central core.
Rocky Mountains are her back-bone,
Vertebrated by hills of stone,
Through which minerals pure and fine
Form the bright marrow of her spine.

Expand, O Soul! quaff Wisdom's cup,
Leave not undrained the smallest drop,
Nor cease thy delving in her urn
Until that fount for which you yearn
Shall burst the bonds which time has sealed,
And life's vast fountain stands revealed.
Explore matter for source of mind,
Array each class and living kind,
Leave not unturned a leaf or plant,
Till Nature's substances shall grant
The desires now infesting thee,
And reveal this great mystery.

An inherent power is attraction,
Unfolding the lowest forms of action,

Establishing the relation of parts
In harmony with Nature's laws and arts.
Life is the triumph of two vast forces,
That through immensity ever course,
Combining, evolving and revealing
Diverse objects of both shape and feeling.
  Positive and negative forces act,
Producing attraction as an effect;
Attraction develops a commotion,
Which sets the whole universe in motion.
  Motion produces elemental strife,
Which expands to active, tangible life.
  Next, life evolves a new dispensation,
Whence spring the first true forms of sensation;
Sensation betrays the grand conscious link
When matter begins to both feel and think;
Unfolding t' veg'table 'nd animal kind,
The lowest phases of instinctive mind.
  Instinct is the alphabet of reason,
Blossoming at observation's season,
Expanding the intellectual germs
That walk proudly the earth in human forms.
  Mankind reveal true progress in knowledge,
Imparting it in both school and college,
By wise and scientific rules to guide
The human world o'er life's varying tide.
  Thus we travel the trinitarian rounds,
In distinct, successive, separate bounds,

Revealing the true source and cause of life
To be force, motion, 'nd elemental strife.
Knowledge is the base of wisdom's temple,
Where moral precept and wise example
Subdue the uncultivated flower,
Training it a thing of beauty and power.
  Wisdom is blossom of inspiration,
Which blooms in garden of intuition,
Exhaling fragrance as pure, sweet and fair
As lute-like whispering of a seraph's prayer.
Intuition bursts from the living soul,
Untrammeled and free from the least control;
Sweeping infinity in its advance,
Comprehending all at a single glance;
A grand highway to the great throne of truth,
That beautiful river whose source and mouth
Are locked in the unknowable unknown,
Flowing onward, upward, forever on.
  It is the melody of angel world,
In which all truth is deeply impearled;
It is the soul's eternal glowing fire,
Which gives birth and being to all desire.
'Tis the link to spirituality,
Demonstrable proof of immortality;
It is the highest power of soul and mind,
It is wisdom and knowledge both combined,
Alluring mankind on to realms above,
Where harmony wafts its sweet strains of love.

But let us now once more our steps retrace,
And review the points that these thoughts embrace,
Producing the best of reasoning proof
To shuttle together this warp and woof,
That all those who may seek shall find it made
Of plausible stuff and logical shade.

We will view life first in minutest form,
Where it appears in endless shapes to swarm;
A vast infusorial, unseen brood,
The material universe doth flood.

As increasing powers of the microscope
Transform to a vast sea a single drop,
Revealing it filled with animalcula,
With as much space in which to move and play
As would have a minnow in Erie's lake,
Or in the Pacific the smallest snake, —
So every part of immensity
Is as full of life as that tiny sea.

'Tis in the ground and in the air,
Above, below, and ev'rywhere;
On leaf and bud, in running brook,
In ev'ry cranny, niche and nook;
On flow'ring shrub and creeping vine,
In all the coarse as well as fine;
On blade and stalk of plant and grass,
One grand, living and moving mass:

On the surface and underneath,
In ev'ry atom which we breathe,
In what we eat and what we drink,
In all the thoughts we daily think,
Ev'rything has motion and strife,
With some peculiar form of life.
Nature is one, comprising all;
Its many parts form but one whole;
Its body ours, its spirit too,
Its life our life and all we view;
Its laws, they move the upper world,
And every form that's here unfurled:
No spot or place but what it fills,
Unfolding whatsoe'er *Love* wills.
For *Love* is the *one endless cause*,
The author of all *life* and *laws*.
'Tis *it* that gives us being here,
And keeps us in the higher sphere.

Unbind my soul, ye clods of clay;
I fain would mount to worlds away.
Let go, ye chains, forged by a fate
Which binds me to this first estate:
Why hold to this dark world so drear,
When awaits a far brighter sphere?
Loose, loose these bands, I do implore,
And let my spirit upward soar:

The truth has quickened sight and sense:
I am prepared: oh, let me hence!
In that spirit realm I would soar away,
And on some peaceful, ethereal bay
Would launch my life-bark to the swiftest gale,
And hoist both aspiration's flag and sail.

I'd cruise the great ocean of skies all through,
Would bathe my new-born soul in seas of blue;
Would coast through the infinite realms of space,
Searching for a nobler, mightier race;
I'd outspeed the light of the lightning's flash,
I would ride the race with swift spur and lash,
Till I'd anchored ship in some fair harbor,
And slept my soul in an angel's arbor.

I would view the flowers of that pure Aiden,
And court the charms of her fairest maiden;
Would taste the fruits of her Eden garden,
Nor think it a sin which needed pardon;
I would scent the sweets of angel roses,
And behold where the god of love reposes.

The noblest works in that immortal land,
Fresh from Causation's skilled artistic hand,
I would inspect with my soul's unbound powers
As I traversed her grandest floral bowers.

I'd visit her academies of art,
And obtain a view of the heavenly chart:
Would acquaint myself with the noblest races
That adorn that land of gods and graces;

Would see if Earth has children there,
Or if each world has a heaven where
Will meet the beautiful spirit forms
That this sphere of being adorn;
Or if each sphere a heaven owns
Wherein to furnish spirits' homes;
Or whether there is one general heaven
That to Nature's family will be given:
And, when the truth I had found, would bring it,
And to the people of earth I'd sing it.

For spiritual things I'd ask Plato;
For music and verse, Homer and Cato;
Of tyrant Nero, for honor stolen;
For principles and laws, wise old Solon.

When I had satiated ev'ry desire,
And nothing more there could my mind inspire,
I would revisit the scenes of this earth
To discover source of the spirit's birth.

Would study all causes, effects disclose,
Would seek the fountain where all germs repose;
Would behold that kind, or combination,
That unfolds the forms of vegetation;
Germ-essences I would investigate,
The language of matter I would translate;
I would see and know how man's unfolded,
And how earth's different germs are moulded:

The kingdom of parasites I'd invade,
Monads and animalcula parade,

Until I found how monerons began,
And traced them, link by link, to godlike man.
The mineral kingdom I would pass through,
And find what each mineral has to do;
Discover its relation to granite,
And the true effects produced upon it.
Perhaps I might within their union find
The primal force of both motion and mind,
Or at least discover a moving cause
That develops life through progressive laws:
A positive and passive polar force
Directs the whole and shapes each atom's course,
And, as one or other predominates,
So change our moods, tastes, feelings and states;
Which accounts for being at times attracted,
Then at others by the same rejected.
Ascending the scale to vegetation,
I should find out where begins sensation.
The sensitive plant shows true conscious powers,
Else why recoils it at slight touch of ours?
It knows by a sense as clear as seeing
What is in harmony with its being;
Its fibrous feeders sap life from the clay,
As it embraces dew and sun's bright ray;
Is as perfect a type of conscious sense
As those who far greater wisdom dispense.

Another step upon life's scale,
And what is this the senses hail?
Some higher type, a diff'rent race —
But where's its home, its native place?
Ah! here the problem's surely solved,
Where earth's salts are all dissolved,—
The ocean's bed, the parent womb,
From which this higher type has bloomed.
Here is shade of reason, instinct;
Here we behold the missing link;
Both kingdoms together moulded,
With organic life unfolded:
Here the germ of life we border,
Here are found the law and order;
Here is where *true love* descended,
And all forces interblended;
Here is where the great causation,
Love, first unfolded sensation,
And onward, upward, through each station,
Forms many a grand constellation;
Unfolding all in air and sea,
Ascending, clasps humanity.
Moses termed this the creation;
Here is seen our true relation
To all the diff'rent forms of dust
That crawl or walk on this earth's crust.
From this point is comprehended
How nature's substances are blended;

Here we see whence all forms arise
To bless the earth and kiss the skies.
  First the minerals and granite
Unite to form this fair planet.
From their union come buds and flowers,
Forming beautiful, fragrant bowers.
  Then others into being spring
With glad and joyous welcoming;
Higher types, each one succeeding,
Onward, upward, ever speeding,
Leave vegetable, onward pass
Through each kingdom and each class;
Nor will cease until nature's plan
Shall have unfolded *perfect man.*

WHISPERS.

IDEAS are the wedges, and thought is the great lever, with which we open the hidden and mysterious vaults of nature.

Whoso oppresses or enslaves another unjustly,
Is a traitor to the right, and a disgrace to humanity.

THE SONG OF A FLOWER.

Within the nebulous matter,
That the sun, long æons past,
From its bright and blazing surface
Upon space's ocean cast,
Did I float for untold ages,
Ere the earth an orbit knew,
Or the shining rays of sunlight
Had its atmosphere crept through.

Then, by natural attraction,
I descended into earth,
Where I found a chemist-artist
That could comprehend my worth;
Who brought me unto the surface,
Bathed my soul in crystal dew,
When I felt a thrill of pleasure,
Coursing all my being through.

Then one morn, as I lay musing
By a great rock 'neath the hill,
There came rippling, dancing by me
A sweet little babbling rill.
I but touched its crystal surface,
When my soul it gave a bound,
And my bright and shining petals
Opened to the world around.

I drank in the golden sunlight,
I inhaled the balmy air;
My spirit it grew beautiful,
And my form became more fair,
Till my heart it could no longer
Hold the sweet nepenthe wine,
That so thrilled and filled my being
With a love that seemed divine.

So I oped a little chalice
That led down into my heart,
That the sweetness which so filled me
I to others might impart:
For a voice within my spirit
Seemed to whisper this to me,
"That the more I gave to others,
The happier *I* would be."

Then upon the airs I scattered
My dear treasures far and wide,
And my soul was filled with gladness
As I watched with modest pride
The sweet smiles of joyous welcome
That were met with ev'rywhere
By the delicate rich fragrance
I had cast upon the air.

When my mission here is ended
To a higher sphere I'll go,
Where I hope to make all happy
By the blessings I bestow:
For I have a rich libation
I would to the angels pour
When I ope my crimson petals
On their bright and shining shore.

Soon I'll gather the bright jewels
I have won upon the earth
In a little tiny casket;
I will send them fleeting forth
To that upper world of beauty,
In the angel's watchful care,
Whose pure love and gentle guidance
Ev'ry form of life doth share;

Where, if you would come and see me,
  Live the life that I have lived,
Imparting unto all others
  The rich treasures here received,
Then, when through its gates you enter,
  I will call you to my bower,
And teach your young infant spirit,
  The song of the spirit flower.

LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

JANUARY 1, 1878.

My name is one that friends and foes
In blackened characters disclose,
Whilst those above, who view me right,
Clothe it in robes of purest white.
So, Lady, owner of this book,
On this poor autograph ne'er look,
But view *that* written in the skies
By deeds which bring sweet memories.

HOME.

Home is where gather the friends that we love,
No matter the place that we stay or may rove:
Wherever the heart is, in hovel or cot,
Oh! there is the home that is never forgot.

Home is where all that is true doth abound,
Where love never slumbers, and virtue is found,
Where kindness doth rule both the husband and wife,
And charity excludes contention and strife.

Where a sweet, smiling face is met at the close
Of a long day of toil, to calm the heart's woes,
And right royal greetings from those we love best
Welcome the worn, weary pilgrim to his rest.

Home is a kingdom where the humblest are kings,
Sceptered and crowned by true love's offerings.
No vassals exist in its sacred abode,
For all feel and use the true freedom of God.

THE SPIRIT'S POWERS.

WOULDST thou the powers of the spirit know?
Look out upon this great broad universe,
Its systems of worlds, their motion, their life,
All their forces, positive and passive,
Expanding, unfolding, developing,
Endlessly changing and multiplying,
Bringing into existence countless forms
As diverse in their mould and soul-demands
As atoms forming it are numerous.
Man is a nucleus of conscious force,
With capacities grand and infinite.
Standing *out* upon the *material;*
His soul linked to the imponderable,
He wrenches, from vast nature's treasury,
The immortal gems of inspiration;
And launches them upon the tide of mind,
Which e'er ebbs and flows, between the finite,
And grand inexhaustible infinite.
He feels the capacities of the soul
Expand; until they are as broad and deep,
As that from which they spring is beautiful.

Man's destiny is never-ending growth,
And the aspirations impelling him
Must continue; so long as shall remain,
One truth or principle, law or power,
In Nature's domain uncomprehended.
Ye wise, in view of this your wisdom weigh;
Behold unmasked the world's classic heroes,
Its sages, its philosophers, its fools.
As are our years here to eternity,
So proportioned to the omniscient, are
The grand rhetoric and logic of man.
In unfolding, motes in sunbeams floating,
Or on animalcula, parasites;
The operation of Nature's forces,
And the laws governing evolution,
Are as perfect, as those forming highest
And most exalted intelligences.
Those beauties that are imperceptible
To the external senses of being,
Are as grand and gorgeous, when magnified,
As the shining robes of heaven's seraphs:
And yet the power which develops them,
With all other forms in the vegetable
And animal world, shall be man's study,
In th' eternity which lies before him.
What grand labor awaits the soul's powers!
What beautiful occupation of mind,
The chemistry of life, to comprehend!

To sit by some bubbling, sparkling fountain,
In a bright, ambrosial glen, where music
Wafts inspiring strains to illume the soul;
And there select, and form as Nature does,
The *spotless lily*, or the *fragrant rose;*
Breathing into them, that nectar of life;
Which shall make them forever immortal.
Or, delving still deeper into nature,
Trace her mystic powers, as they expand
The diverse infusorial life forms
Which seem to float upon the airy wing
Of nothingness. Organized perfectly;
Possessing as much symmetric beauty,
As the bright-robed throng that chant their praises;
To that eternal cause from whence they sprang.
Perfect in all their parts and life powers,
Yet diminutive t' that extreme degree;
That full ten thousand of their forms condensed,
Would hardly be visible to sight's sense.
Endowed by Nature with the legacies,
Of life, motion, sensation, enjoyment.
Or, when having travelled through this portion
Of causation's laboratory, explore
The past unwritten history, which has
Been photographed upon the rocks and hills,
Or buried deep among the fossil forms,
That existed millions of years ago,
Upon this grand world which we inhabit.

Go back upon the pathway of King Time,
And follow his fusions of force, through all
Departments of being, viewing how each
Is composed, how sustained, and how refined.
The relationship of spirit matter
To the grosser substances of nature,
Then, with telescopic vision, peer down
Time's future pathway, and view the grandeur,
And *glory*, and *power* that will *crown all*,
Bless all, and make *all happy evermore.*
Aye, even now the comprehensive soul
Is strengthened at inspiration's fountain;
It marches in advance of the present,
A thousand years, and beholds earth's children,
That are now pinched with poverty and want,
Ignorant, wandering in gross darkness,
Full of imperfections and misery,
Progress out and from this degradation
And darkness, into light divinely bright;
Their raiment golden as the morning sun;
Their faces glowing, radiant, beaming,
Singing anthems of praise to weary souls,
Struggling with burdens of experience
In this lower department of being.
Almighty Power, *Divinest Wisdom*,
Source of all truth, love and inspiration;
As we drink in comprehensive forces,
From thy inexhaustible flowing streams,

Our souls expand, until we are no more
In bondage, to the conditions of time
And things material, but feel that we
Are parts of this great, grand omniscient cause,
And as such must become acquainted with
All forces, laws, powers and principles,
Belonging, controlling and governing,
In each and every department of
Vegetable, animal and even
Spiritual existence; that has been,
Now is, or will be upon each and all
The different plains, worlds and systems which
Unite in forming this grand universe.
But when will all this be? whispers the soul;
And the voice of inspiration answers,—
Eternity alone can reveal it.

WHISPERS.

PARADE not another's faults before the world, but rather magnify their virtues, that they may be encouraged in well-doing.

Hast thou aught to say of another? Let it be in praise of his virtues.

THE TEMPLE OF SCIENCE.

THE temple of science is the temple of sense;
Its foundation is logic, and right its defense;
Knowledge and wisdom, its beams of support;
Truth its great tower, and reason its court.

Investigation the wall that shuts out
Error, uncertainty, folly and doubt;
Proof and demonstration, gates that admit
Forces and products of nature to it.

Law is the master, supreme over all;
Spirit and matter respond to *his call*, —
Life, death and destruction, change and decay,
The servants that hasten his will to obey.

All who would in this great, grand temple live,
And of its bounty and blessings receive,
Must worship the truth that law brings to light,
Nor swerve from justice in questions of right.

No matter for dogmas the past has received,
No matter for doctrines some have believed;
For, as darkness withdraws at dawn of day,
So all that is error must vanish away.

Error in kingdoms and error in kings,
Emperors, presidents, their underlings;
Error of governments, the Church and State:
For all that is false there is but one fate.

It must descend into eternal shade,
And in the grave of oblivion be laid;
The true and truthful alone will remain
O'er the vast empire of Nature to reign.

WHISPERS.

GATHER the roses that blossom to-day,
Seek not of the future to borrow;
The storms of a night may chase them away,
And leave but dead leaves for to-morrow.

Scatter thy charities, scatter them now,
Wait not for the public to view them;
Angels are coming to deck thy fair brow
With greater; so haste and bestow them.

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

Onward, upward! Let thy spirit
Soar to realms of truth and light;
Never falter in well-doing;
Holy angels guard the right.

Griefs will come, and earthly sorrows,
But not to crush or keep down:
They are needful to unfold us,
E'er we claim the star-gemmed crown.

They are like the clouds of summer
Bringing tempest, storm and showers;
Tears are but bright little raindrops,
Pelting sweetness from our flowers.

Smiles are sunbeams to the spirit,
Bringing joy into the heart,
Causing buds of love and beauty
Into life and being start.

Then, let clouds or sun await us,
Smiles or frowns, they all are good;
One as needful as the other,
When God's laws are understood.

STOP AND THINK.

THE pathway of life has some very short turns,
And often runs near a precipitous brink;
And travellers are wise, when the way is obscure,
Who seat themselves down for a moment to think.

Young man, when another would tempt you to stray,
From temperance and virtue to passion and drink,
Before the vile poison is placed to your lips,
Just take this advice, Stop a moment and think.

Think of that dear mother who loved you when young,
Your father and brothers and sweet sisters too;
Of your neighbors and friends, the grief, and the tears
That all would be shedding in sorrow for you.

Young lady, beware of the tempter's base snares;
Remember how low the polluted may sink;
Your virtue and honor keep sacred and pure;
Of their value to you stop a moment and think.

Think of what you are now, and what you would
be
If cast off by friends on life's billowy tide ;
Existence a burden from which you would flee;
Content, could you into oblivion glide ?

Old man, when you're asked for your name to
secure
Another, that he may get out of a kink,
'Twill be well ere do it to look to the end,
And take a long time o'er the matter to think.

Think if you are able to lose the amount
Providing your friend should not meet the
demand;
And if it be right to impoverish your home,
That others may live on the fat of the land.

WHISPERS.

Be not forward in advising others unsought, lest thy counsels be deemed too cheap to be valuable.

Envy and jealousy are acids which curdle thy better nature, and make sour the whole family of man.

THE END OF SEEMING EVIL.

As I sat gazing upon a beautiful landscape that Nature's artistic hand had drawn and painted on the fair bosom of Mother Earth, inhaling the aroma of countless flowers distilled and exhaled in sweet and pure thanksgivings for the boon of life, listening to the songs of gladness that trilled in rippling warblings from the happy throats of joyous birds, dancing and carolling amid the bending boughs above, each giving expression to the ruling powers and laws of its particular being, I caught the lightning's vivid gleam as it crimsoned the azure dome above and shot its forked tongue athwart the bending archway overhead. Then as I listened to the deep, jarring, rumbling wheels of Jove's mighty thundering chariot, as it roared through the heavens, followed by the fierce flying steeds of Boreas, spreading dense shadow over all this beautiful picture of light and shade, hiding from sight the golden splendor of the great King of Day, my soul became enraptured with the inspiration of the hour, and the grandeur on every hand displayed, and I exclamed, How sublime, how

beautiful and majestic is Nature in all her parts, when rightly viewed and properly comprehended! Birds and flowers, sunshine and shadow, calm and storm, day and night, mind and matter, all acting under and obedient to the eternal laws of evolution; order and harmony entering and taking their respective places in this grand tableau of the infinite! And I asked, Wherefore the need of such magnificent display, when so few seem to appreciate and enjoy it? And Causation came forward and touched my soul with comprehension's magic wand, when my perceptions were quickened, and I saw that such are the modes and methods of force, and the substances it controls, and that Nature unfolds the highest powers and properties she possesses as much in the wilderness and desert as in the fertile plain and flowery mead; as much in the uninhabited as the inhabited parts of the world; that her blessings fall as bountifully upon those called barbarian as the civilized and Christian; that no partiality is manifested in any of her grand workings, that what appears to the superficial observer as a clashing of antagonistic powers, are but effects wrought out and brought to view by inherent affinitizing laws, bringing together, separating, recombining, reconstructing, reorganizing and developing new combinations, new relations and new organizations possessing greater powers, higher properties,

purer qualities and sublimer influences than were manifested in the preceding. Then the retrospective processes of mind recoiled upon the axis of time, and took me back amid experiences and trials, that swept over my being like monster avalanches, crushing, grinding and destroying many cherished heart idols, filling my mind with sadness and my soul with pain; devastating and laying waste the beautiful garden, wherein I had nourished and trained many bright blossoms of thought, many fair hopes and sweet anticipations, that bore me joy unspeakable; ruin made visible everywhere, deep, dense, desolate and complete. But when the ordeal was past, that eternal harmony, which dwells in Nature's forces, out of this chaos builded me a fairer garden, with sweeter flowers, deeper fountains, broader isles, grander promenades, and more musical birds than fancy had e'er pictured me. It was then I saw and comprehended the necessity of this seeming devastation. Within my first garden there were soils that could not be cultivated, weeds that could not be eradicated, and obstructions that could not be removed without tearing down the old. But I found, upon a careful survey of the new, that everything that possessed true value had been transplanted therein, and that the only loss I had sustained was noxious weeds and loathsome excrescences that had been accumulating for years. False

culture, false systems and a lack of proper methods in the first, made it necessary that it should pass away, that a second might take its place, more complete in its arrangements, perfect in its appointments, and sublime in its artistic grandeur.

And my delighted Muse attuned her harp anew, and sang, —

Man's comprehension is too weak
To view and grasp the whole;
His tongue too poor to ever speak
The harmonies that constant break
From the eternal soul.

How grand is Nature's ev'ry part!
How perfect ev'ry law,
For all, life's ebbing tide doth start,
For all, pulsates her throbbing heart,
Without one break or flaw.

WHISPERS.

TRUTH needs no herald to tell of its approach: It is everywhere present, could we but perceive it.

LOVE.

Love is the haven of our hope,
The source of all worldly bliss;
It makes earth a paradise,
Life's desert a great oasis,
Where the spirit gathers flowers
From the heart's ambrosial bowers.

Love is the heaven that is sought
By the angel of the soul,
And will not divided be,
For it is a perfect whole:
Love that only cares for one
Soon will end by loving none.

Love is gentle, pure and kind,
Modest, pretty and refined;
Always shining through the eyes,
Like the stars in azure skies;
Is the god that all adore
And most humbly bow before.

Love doth banish fear and hate,
  Tells each being to be great;
Is the end of all desires;
  The goal to which man aspires
    In this and the spheres above,
    For omnipotent is love.

Love is virtue to the mind,
  Faith and charity combined;
Within it centers ev'ry grace
  That beautifies this our race.
    Is the sunlight of the heart,
    Making buds of beauty start.

Love is not a passion-flower
  Blooming only in life's spring;
It is an unending dower —
  Nature's grandest offering.
    'Tis but a little leaf in youth:
    In age, the flower of holy truth.

Love is what Jehovah breathes
  On the world to make it bloom;
Life, the crown it forms and wreathes,
  Which fades not even in the tomb,
    But rises on the other side,
    Immortal, grand and glorified.

DEDICATION WRITTEN IN A LADY'S BOOK.

Let divinest inspiration
Rule the mind which fills each page
Of this book, whose dedication
Is to *truths* of ev'ry age.

May sublimest aspiration
Guide the soul as it doth mount
Up the ladder of causation
To eternal wisdom's fount.

May the golden thoughts indited
Lead the world to love the right;
And to minds that are benighted
May they be a shining light.

Let no dingy blots of error
Leave a stain upon a line;
But in awe-inspiring grandeur
May the truth forever shine.

When 'tis ended, then to mortals
May its riches all be given,
And its author through the portals
Enter to the brightest heaven.

CAN THE RIVER CEASE ITS MOTION?

Can the river cease its motion
As it journeys to the sea?
Is there not a law that rules it
Just the same as you and me?

It is seeking its own level
By a force it must obey;
And, in spite of rocks impeding,
It will journey on its way.

They but for a moment stay it
In its swift-descending course,
Increasing its liquid volume
With a greater, grander force.

Mingling with its kindred rivers,
Power is added to its might,
While huge ships upon its bosom
Move like birds in robes of white.

And upon its shining waters
Floats the commerce of a world,
While upon its bed of corals
Bright and shining pearls are pearled.

Thus it is with human beings:
All have their true line and course,
And are ruled by laws eternal,
From which there is no divorce.

If great trials bar our progress,
Nature gives us strength and aid
Until we can overcome them,
If her mandates are obeyed.

If dark chasms cross our pathway,
Into which some drop and sink,
Never mind: the soul is immortal,
And will rise to angel brink,

Where a clearer light will guide it
Through a path of brighter flowers,
And dear, loving ones conduct it
Into higher floral bowers.

Were no hard shells ever broken,
Then no bright pearls would be found:
Were no hearts e'er crushed with sorrow,
None with jewels would be crowned.

Did no trials come upon us,
We would be of little worth:
It is the hand of affliction
That calls our highest powers forth.

Then let us all march right onward,
Striving for that needed growth
That will bless us in this earth-life
With a knowledge of the truth.

Trusting all to that *one Power*
That has burst the bars of night,
And gave to us strength and wisdom
To pursue the paths of right.

Let us ne'er complain nor murmur
At the heavy hand of fate;
Keeping down needless impatience,
Labor on and learn to wait;

Rejoicing in all afflictions,
Trusting that, from realms above,
A mighty host is guiding us
In all the dark paths we move;

That the Cause that doth unfold us
Comprehends whereof we need,
And will give unto our spirits
Angels that our souls will lead

Through the crooked paths of danger
And the deep pitfalls of woe,
Through the peaceful groves of pleasure,
Where the balmy breezes blow;

To the summit of life's mountain,
Through the valley of grim death,
Where we'll wear the crown immortal
And the angel's golden wreath.

SUNSET.

Beautiful sunset, golden and bright,
Herald of rest and herald of night,
I welcome thee as the fairest hour
That Nature flings from her crimson bower.

It is dark beneath, but far above
A light shines forth from the stars that rove
The boundless depths of the upper sea,
Winking, twinkling and smiling at me.

As their glintings come shimmering down,
O'er all the world now dreary and brown,
They whisper me low, and seem to say,
Thus will it be at thy sunset day.

When death's dark mantle shall o'er thee fall,
Hiding from sight by its dreary pall
The beautiful things of earth, above
Will be seen the angel star of love,

Shining more brightly than those to-night,
With hue of a clearer sparkling white,
Lighting the path that the soul must tread
As it walks death's vale with trembling dread.

And one, more lovely than all the rest,
Will press me close to its shining breast,
And rise with me to that cloudless shore.
Where life's bright sun will go down no more.

WHISPERS.

As a point is the beginning of all geometrical matter, and a line the continuation of the same, so infancy is the beginning of individual life, the line of which stretches throughout eternity.

Live in harmony with the laws of thy being, then wilt thou obey the laws of God, as written out in the constitution of the universe.

NEVER GIVE UP.

No matter the part of life's hill you are on,
If you wish to mount to the summit or top,
This motto observe while you're trudging along,
That 'tis folly to whine and a sin to give up.

Why bother with things that get into your way
In a world where of room there's a bountiful crop?
Your power and genius should have a display,
So march round or o'er them, but never give up.

Why care for disaster, though dark as a pall?
What though the world rob you of life's very last prop?
Be strong and stand firm, for you never can fall
As long as you're determined to never give up.

Why care for what others may say or may think?
'Tis the nature of some to be splashing in slop:
Be sure you are right, then their frown or their blink
Will amount to the same if you never give up.

Should sickness seize on you and fill you with pain,
Should gaunt poverty follow, and down on you drop,
Your *will* is the *master*, so do not complain,
But cast them all from you, and never give up.

Should summer friends leave you to go it alone,
And society at you its big nose turn up,
When life's dearest treasures are from you all flown,
Be a man to the end, and never give up.

When the last moment comes, stop not then to whine,
Though bitter the dregs in life's fast sinking cup,
Smile on them, and drink them, and call them divine,
And *shout,* as you down them, *Never give up!*

WHISPERS.

If thou hast a truth, express it, though thou be crucified the next minute for exercising the heaven-born right.

LIVE TO-DAY.

Live to-day: to-morrow is a deep grave
That may swallow thee and all thy idols.
The present alone is thine to enjoy.
Use it in that way and manner while here
Which will bring to thee the greatest, purest truth,
Highest wisdom, truest friendships, noblest
Influences, and sweetest memories
That life can give. The sun shines for thee *now*.
Use its golden light in blessing *thyself*,
Thy neighbor and the *world*, by employment
Of all thy powers of both body and mind:
For between thee and another day lies
The dark gulf of night, in which many fall,
Not having made good use of the present.
The mind is like a garden: see to it
That idleness allows no weeds therein,
But that constant industry plants it out
With choice fruits and beautiful, fragrant flowers,
That will give thee pleasure in thy noonday,
And joy, peace and rest in th' ev'ning of life:
Then will existence be sweet, and thy soul
Will be made bright, beautiful and lovely,
'Gainst the time the *angels shall come for thee*.

DESIRE.

Oh, why is the heart ever sighing and longing
For something to fill up a vast void within;
The comfort and peace of its owner destroying,
As though life were a curse and existence a sin?

Why, why is this craving, our being enslaving,
And a constant desire for some treasure unseen?
Oh, whence is this aching, this thirst so unslaking,
That destroys all contentment, and fills us with spleen?

Is there no end to desire, that unquenchable fire
That ever burns brightest when we wish for repose?
Has the peace-angel left us, of all joy bereft us,
Except that ambition which secures us our woes?

We climb wisdom's mountain, and drink from its fountain;
The waters are bitter, and they give us no joy;
We traverse that river where Death with his quiver
Of arrows stands ready our earth-form to destroy;

But beyond is desire; we go higher and higher;
It is still in advance, waving upward and on;
We enter high heaven, the veil it is riven:
We there find true rest in the crown we have won.

I LIVE NOT IN VAIN.

If I have but lifted one burden of woe
From the sad, aching heart of another,
If I by my efforts and labors below
Have bestowed on a poor needy brother,
That which relieved him from sorrow and pain,
I hold that my life has not been in vain.

If one ray of light from my mind has been shed
To brighten the lone path of the weary;
If just one hungry soul by me has been fed,
And its sad road in life made less dreary, —
Then I am content 'mid sunshine or rain
To toil, for I know I live not in vain.

If by look, word or deed, in kindness bestowed,
I have kept from the pit man or woman,
And led them away from destruction's broad road
Into paths that would make them more human,
Though little the merit and small the gain,
I will feel my life has not been in vain.

Has a sigh or a tear by me been dispelled,
And a sweet smile of peace been created;
Has the darkness of error I have beheld
Been by truth promptly met and defeated, —
Then let me rejoice and sing this refrain,
I am not here living wholly in vain.

WHISPERS.

A JUST conception of Deity gives man a just value of himself: a revengeful God always has revengeful worshipers.

Goodness is a mirror that reflects itself upon the world.

WHAT IS TO BE.

THE highest, wildest flights of fancy
Shadow forth but dimly the beauty,
Glory, grandeur and power of the spheres
Which surround this terrestrial world.
Contemplate the mighty growth of mind
A soul must make that is spurred forward
For a thousand years by the goad of truth;
Of its wisdom, its keen, penetrating
Perceptive sense, which grasps principles
And the laws that evolve crystal,
Mineral, vegetable, animal
And human formations, with their laws
Of secretion, excretion and change,—
The processes and transformations
Of matter ere it reaches that state
That it becomes sensitive, reflective,
Cogitative, intellectual,
Analytical, logical, spiritual,
Inspirational, intuitional,
Omniscient, omnipresent and
Omnipotent.

If the soul of man,
Bursting forth from oblivious night,

Can grasp the laws of conscious being,
Mount individuality's throne,
Comprehending its relation to
That eternal principle of life
Which evolved it, in a few brief years,
Who shall be able to estimate
The grand altitude it shall have reached
When a thousand cycles of millions
Of years each shall have rolled on into
The eternal past.

When formative
Principles, evolving forces and laws,
Are all understood and comprehended,
When the chemistry of life and death,
Of growth, of occult science, the mind,
The power of thought, mem'ry, consciousness,
Is made clear to human perception;
When Nature unbosoms her fountain
Of miracles and mysteries t' man,
And all the plains and spheres beyond this
Become visible to th' eye of soul,
And those made glorious by th' light of
Purified love descend t' bless mankind;
When charity's mantle becomes large
Enough to hide within its ample
Folds all the errors of ignorance,

And naught but truth, universal love,
Benevolence and peace are enshrined
Within the soul, and harmony shall
Become the chief desire and aim of all, —
Then will have arrived the time when mortals
Shall behold what is now but dimly seen
By inspired minds of this progressive age.

Where is that Socrates of yore,
And Solon with his wondrous lore?
Where now sings Homer in the spheres?
Where Plato and his angel peers?

Demosthenes and Cicero,
Pythagoras and good Cato,
Who centuries ago poured forth
Their eloquence through all the earth?

Where now the master minds that then
Rose godlike o'er their fellow men,
And grasped the keys to the unknown,
Unlocked the door to Reason's throne?

Where now within the upper world
Are those that superstition hurled
Upon the martyr's burning pile,
For truth that some then counted vile?

Where now are Jesus and his band,
Who oped the way to a better land,
And proved that death, hell nor the grave
Could soul of man hold or enslave?

Where Buddha, Chrishna, Confucius,
Zoroaster, Simon Magus,
With all those mighty minds of worth
Who gave to *truth* a nobler birth?

Methinks I see them over there,
Climbing higher the upward stair
That reaches from this lower world
To that which has the whole unfurled;
United, a progressive band,
Immortal in the summer-land.

Eternal Cause, whate'er thou art,
That drew man forth from nature's womb,
And gave the soul a conscious part
That will arise beyond the tomb,

Grant that the light we now behold
May be increased a thousand times,
Until the spirit shall enfold
The wisdom of the highest climes,

When all the splendors now in view
  Shall into dingy shadows turn,
And others burst with grander hue
  From vaster depths of nature's urn,

Then will the soul enjoy content —
  At least, until some fairer strand
Shall unfold beauty's deeper print,
  More gorgeous and sublimely grand.

Then will its aspirations wing
  Their way to inspiration's fount,
And to the longing spirit bring
  The choicest boon from wisdom's mount.

Thus, on forever, steep on steep,
  The hungry soul shall mount away,
Until immensity's vast deep
  Its unchained powers shall survey,
And all that it doth long for here
Is man's in heaven's eternal sphere.

WHISPERS.

Only fools inquire what they must do to be saved: they who have knowledge save themselves.

INTELLECT.

O INTELLECT! why slumber so?
Awake and thy proportions show!
Why doze and dream on worthless themes,
Or delve in speculative schemes?
Spread but thy pinions and arise,
And light shall crown thy energies.

Dost thou here covet earthly things?
  Behold fair lands and mines of gold,
Broad fertile plains and crystal springs,
  With wond'rous beauties to behold.

Strike but earth's breast, her bosom pierce,
  And riches instant upward flow,
And where she is assailed most fierce
  Doth yield a blessing for each blow;
Yea, cleave her body, and a rose
Sŏme unknown beauty will disclose.

Amend thy nature — be like earth,
Which gave thy soul and body birth;

Delve in thy mind — there's gold therein,
  Yea, flowers of inspiration too,
And fame and honor thou shalt win,
  If thou wilt her kind forces woo.

The weeds of indolence uproot,
  The thorns of vice and crime destroy,
And in their place will upward shoot
  A constant peace, an endless joy,
That will transcend the floral bloom
Earth's hills and valleys do entomb.

Thy primal cosmos I decline
  To interview or comprehend;
Thou art a thing none can define,
  Thou dost so far all powers transcend;
Yet of self thou dost form a part,
Still none can tell just what thou art.

Some say thou art child of the mind,
  And yet with it thou didst begin;
Perhaps if we the truth should find
  We might discover thou art twin,
And born to aid the conscious soul
In keeping us in right control.

Be what thou wilt, I'll not abuse
  Myself in chasing after thee,

And yet, perhaps, may often muse
While I am in thy company,
And wonder if sometime a gleam
May not reveal whence thou dost stream.

At times thou art a peaceful lake,
Deep, calm and clear as azure skies;
Then thou dost into ripples break;
Again the swelling tides arise,
And lash themselves upon the shore
Their feeble powers would fain explore.

Cold as the frozen zones at times,
Warm as the tropics next appear,
Peace, hope and courage from thee shine;
Again art filled with doubts and fear,
A weather-vane moved by the wind
Of circumstance blown on the mind.

Art pious and profane in turn,
Alike can either pray or swear;
Yea, there is nothing thou dost spurn,
But grasp the whole, the false, the fair,
And stuff it in thy pond'rous crop,
As if thou'dst swallow all things up.

Can plot a blessing or a crime
With equal pleasure, equal skill;
The most repulsive, most sublime,
Are subject to thy law and will.

What e'er thou art, I am content,
'Tis by thy use I must arise;
Thou art the wings by Nature lent
To carry me within the skies,
That I may view the systems there
And more of Nature's wonders share.

So spread thy pinions and away,
I care not what thy course may be;
Fly up or down, I'll not delay,
Nor seek to stop or hinder thee;
Nature's domain lies wide before,
And ev'ry part we must explore.

WHISPERS.

WISDOM is the guide that points the way to happiness:
Ignorance, the cradle in which man rocks idleness.

Fashion is the mart in which virtue is slaughtered and sold,
And only is closed when the body is dead and cold.

SONG TO THE MARTYRS.

LET others sing of victory
And heroes of the field:
My song shall be of nobler things,
That higher virtues yield.
I'll sing of those who have unfurled
Truth's banner to the breeze,
And stood forth martyrs for the right
And the soul's liberties.

Nature has but a few rare gems,
And they are scattered wide:
Few when compared with grosser things
Upon her moving tide.
And thus it is with human minds:
Few have the power to shine;
The *thought* reveals the *common stone*
Or *carbon pure* and *fine*.

The patriot he seeks for fame
Where bugle-blasts are heard;
The statesman in the senate-hall
Unsheathes his wordy sword;

The poet and philosopher
Each have an honored place,
While men of valor and renown
Have blessed their name and race.

But the true heroes of the past
Were not of such as these, —
They stood above and far beyond
This world's sordid decrees,
And spoke with tongues of eloquence
The truths that in them burned;
Tyrants defied, the rack, the flame,
The tide of error turned.

Behold that grand old Socrates,
With hemlock in his hand;
Vanini, Bruno, Servetus,
With others take their stand
Upon the side of liberty
And freedom of the mind,
Nor fear the wrath nor torture
Of bigots weak and blind;

Hypatia, the proud mistress of
Old Alexandria's schools,
Because she would not bow herself
T' St. Cyril's priestly rules,

Was torn in fragments by the fiends
  Who ruled in that dark hour,
But left a name of virtue here
  That heavenward doth tower.

Of such as these my Muse shall sing,
  And tune her soulful lyre:
These were the souls in which there shone
  The true Promethean fire.
Yea, they were gods who broke the bonds
  And tore the prison bars
From off the mind, and left it free
  To revel midst the stars.

WHISPERS.

SELFISHNESS is the parent of every human action: it nurses philanthropists and rocks to sleep benevolence, courts industry and marries slothfulness; it makes the rich richer and the poor poorer. All good and bad, all ignoble and noble, are born from the womb of her great grasping covetousness.

MENTAL BUCKETS.

Like buckets are objects that .from the mind's well
Draw thoughts and desires to its surface or brink;
And whatever the kind that in it doth dwell
Comes up with the bucket, and man takes a drink.

The beautiful and bright attract their own kind,
The selfish and narrow alike do the same;
Good, bad, true and false, are thus dragged from the mind,
And fill us with pleasure, or sorrow, or shame.

The beauties of nature make better, we know;
Sweet flowers and sweet music are things we enjoy;
Kind words and dear friends brighten this life below,
And hide from our mem'ry the thoughts that annoy.

Sweet sympathy oft a true saviour may prove;
A word kindly spoken may ransom a soul;
The heart that is wounded, and hungers for love,
Is succored and healed by true friendship's control.

A bow or a look may bring hope to the mind
That is burdened and crushed by things that are
vile,
And bear it away, from despair dark and blind,
To a haven of rest, on the wings of a smile.

The well that is shallow doth often run dry;
The deeper, the cooler and purer the vein;
Thus it is with the mind: the one that soars high
Becomes a pure fountain that nothing can drain.

The mind that is fed from the fountains above
Will sparkle and bubble with truth's golden
light, —
A grand inspiration where'er it may move,
The world making better, its beings more bright.

Then be like the well that is deep, clear and pure,
Refreshing the weary and fainting of earth:
Thy soul will be happy, its labors endure,
And a crown it shall earn of excellent worth.

WHISPERS.

Beware of strangers whose lips are honeyed to suit thy taste.

FROM THE FOUNT TO THE SEA.

The river of life is an unknown stream,
That bubbles and whirls from Nature's side;
And many bright spirits, both gay and sad,
Are daily launched on its drifting tide.

Each little shallop, with its precious load,
Is started out where the ripples play,
And guarded and kept by the angel Love,
As it sails forth from its infant bay.

The banks are embroidered with bud and bloom,
Sweet-warbling songsters and busy bee;
Refreshing arbors of inviting shade, —
All works of a great divinity.

How smoothly it glides, how swiftly it sails!
The stream it widens, the banks grow steep;
The scenery changes, and new views arise,
The waters are swifter, more dark and deep.

The pilot withdraws, and the helm swings loose,
Great rocks in the channel are in sight;
It shoots into eddies, then plunges along,
Heedless and careless of wrong or right.

An unskilled youth now springs forth to the helm,
And grasps it tight in his trembling hand,
While it rushes on through the waves and foam
That wash the rocks and islands of sand.

On goes the boat, and the youth is a man —
Ay, one of beauty and comely pride;
He prepares himself for the storms of life,
And steers his bark where the stream is wide.

The rocks and abysses begin to cease,
The shoals and islands are left behind;
The waters are deep, and the current strong,
While the boat is tossed by waves and wind.

Still on he goes toward the open sea,
Undaunted and fearless of its roar;
Though shattered his craft and feeble his hand,
He longs its mysteries to explore.

The dark gulf he scans, with his dimming eyes,
That lies between the river and sea;
He pushes ahead on its waters dark,
Nor stops to ask what his fate may be.

A great death-wave strikes, and the bows they part,
He sinks, he rises, his soul is free;
Some unknown, unseen power now bears him on,
To view another world's mystery.

Thus on, on forever, its waters glide,
And many a craft, both weak and strong,
Is borne far away to the ocean wide,
Where a new life opes with angel song.

And thus it will be throughout coming time;
For the river is long, the ocean deep,
And the powers that rule in the world above
Have endless, boundless, infinite sweep.

SAY NEVER YOU CAN'T.

A BEAUTIFUL thought, or a beautiful word,
Is like a sweet flower or the notes of a bird,
Which float out on the airs of heaven with love,
And bear us away to the bright realms above.

A duty well done, to self or another,
Is a blessing that naught in life can smother;
While neglect may bring sadness, sorrow and pain,
And joys that we long for we'll look for in vain.

If wisdom we wish, we must mount in desire,
Labor and strive, day by day going higher.
Until truth's proud beacon appears in the skies,
And star of our hope doth more brightly arise

Light shines for mankind independent of class:
It is not for a few, but for the whole mass.
Accept thy full share, then; say never you can't,
For th' more it shines on you the more you will want.

Th' mainspring of happiness is found in desire;
Its realization, that unquenchable fire
Which glows in the soul as it mounts in its growth
And slakes its deep thirst at the fountain of truth.

Speed on to the fountain, think not to delay:
Time's moments are fleeting, 'nd will soon fade away;
The body to earth will return back again,
While spirit will mount to its own proper plane.

If beauty adorn it, 't will be happy indeed;
If strength bears it onward, great will be its speed;
New pleasures will constant flow into life's tide,
While we down the stream of eternity glide.

THE GUIDE'S FAREWELL.

We point the way, the road thyself must find,
We the beacon set for all of mankind:
Heed well the course, nor falter on thy way,
He only wins who learns first to obey.

Deem it not kindness that another's force
Rolls the obstructing boulder from thy course;
Nay, strength shall increase where 'tis rightly used,
And swiftly vanish when o'ermuch abused.

He who would scan eternal wisdom's fount
Must learn the untried steeps of thought to mount;
Nor loiter by the way in idle dream,
Lest he lose the course of its rippling stream.

Nature awards to him the highest prize
Who uses best her potent energies;
Her golden horn pours in the toiler's hands,
And more freely gives as his power expands.

Think it not strange then that the light we bring
Should seem a changing, evanescent thing;

We garner strength for times of greatest need,
Nor give to gratify unbounded greed.

Improve what thou hast, thy talents will increase;
Neglect thy duty, and all help may cease.

It is unkind, however kindly meant,
To give where giving meets no real want,
And charity becomes an empty name
Where unworthy objects share its virgin fame.

Be independent, and thy soul shall yearn
For only that which honest toil may earn;
All knowledge shall be his who constant strives,
And from the mind the bonds of ignorance rives.

Use well the powers kind Nature doth provide,
She pours for all mankind her wisdom tide;
Invites the whole, from greatest to the least,
To be partakers of her welcome feast.

Let her inspirations in soft cadence flow
To benefit and bless all life below;
For he who gives most lives most, most enjoys;
His bliss the moth of envy ne'er destroys,—
His soul all sordid realms doth soar above,
Being in sweet accord with law of love.

Accept this hint, apply it in thy need,—
It will prove a flower and no worthless weed,
A polar star to ev'ry aspiration,
The truest in man's mental constellation.

Now fare thee well,—we hence withdraw our light,
And leave thee in the care of truth and right;
Be guided by them both, thou canst not stray
While in thy heart they have all perfect sway.

Heed well their promptings, angels they will prove,
Constant and faithful where'er thou shalt move;
Watchful and jealous of their name and ward,
Yea, even wrathful where their way is barred.

Again we'll meet when time for thee shall cease,
May our union bring us mutual peace;
No duty left undone, thy crown complete,
Our anthems will be long, our chorus sweet.

WHISPERS.

FAITH before knowledge is unwarrantable belief:
After knowledge it is unwarrantable nonsense.

THE ROSE AND I.

One day, while watching a beautiful rose
That under my window had blown,
I felt a strange feeling over me creep,
So I whispered, in softest tone, —

"Say, delicate Rose, from whence art thou?
Where hast thou been in all th' long past;
And who brought thee here my sad heart to cheer?
Will thy sweetness forever last?"

Just then a halo of joy in the soul
Made me feel that the rose could hear:
So, I whispered again, "Sweet Rose, canst thou
Just now to my spirit draw near?"

Then a voice from the heart of that rose did speak
To my inner ear, and did say,
"Yes, yes! I will come, I will come,
If thou wilt prepare me the way."

"Why, what shall I do? I see naught in th' way;
What wouldst thou have me remove?"
It whispered, in accents soft, sweet and low,
"Take all things away but *pure love*."

At first I did not its meaning perceive,
So I began t' think and reflect;
And, as I viewed what lay 'tween me and it,
These things I did quickly detect.

I found I had, by my selfish nature,
Developed an internal state
That nothing could reach to bring a pleasure,
On account of pride, envy 'nd hate.

I felt the force of the lesson thus taught,
So said, "Pretty Rose, I will try
And put away all pride, envy and hate,"—
But just then I heard the rose sigh.

"My friend," she replied, "it grieves me o'ermuch,
As I thy soul-powers do scan;
And my cheeks they blush as I think of th' wrongs
Committed by th' fam'ly of man.

"Why can't you live like my sisters and I
Upon this our family tree,
Striving with all of the powers of soul
To make the world smile and be free?

"Both free to love God and free to love man,
Free to love sister and brother;
Free to love ev'rything under the sun,
And free to love one another."

And as her words died away in the soul,
The rose she looked up with a smile,
And, bowing quite graceful, whispered and said,
"Pure love 'll *never*, NEVER *defile*."

And as I still listened she seemed to say,
"Thou art in the image of God;"
To which I answered, "Yes, yes! that I know:
Only I am now in the bud."

"That's true," she replied, "but soon thou wilt bloom
With love's fragrance so rich and rare,
In that fair garden of angels on high —
'T is then I will come to thee, there."

Just then she bowed to a storm passing o'er,
As I thought t' keep rain from her eye;
But not so; for when I sought her again,
I found she'd departed on high.

And now, as I look t' that land far away,
That land that by angels is trod,
I see, in spirit, that beautiful rose,
As it blooms on th' bosom of God.

THE UNKNOWN SONGSTER.

A BEAUTIFUL bird, with golden-plumed wing,
Was asked for a song that gladness would bring
To hearts of brothers 'nd sisters in want,
When, lifting its head, it chirped out, "I can't."

"You can if you'd try," said a voice from the grove,
"For music is the true language of love:
The heart when happy is full of sweet song:
When it can, and don't sing, something is wrong."

"But I have not learned, and do not know how;
And that's a good reason, you must allow."
The voice still insisted, and said, "Do try,
For wings, you know, mean a sail in the sky.

"Besides, songs unsung will dry in your throat,
Is as great a truth as any need quote;
And talents unused grow more and more weak."
Thus saying, the voice henceforth ceased to speak.

The bird sat pond'ring for many a day,
It queried and wondered what would be its lay,
Till one morn, while pluming its beautiful wing,
A thrill in its bosom inspired it to sing.

It trilled and warbled from dawn until night,
It chirped and whistled in greatest delight,
Till birds from the meadows and groves all came
T' see this new songster and learn of its fame.

One said 'tis the goldfinch; one, the red robin;
One, the brown thrush: so they kept guessing and bobbing,
Until an old owl tooted out, "Whoo! whoo!"
And the mocking-bird whistled, "Big eyes, 'tain't you!"

But when all had ceased their guessing and wonder,
A voice from the winds that swept the trees under
Cried out, "'Tis a spirit whose music you hear,
That once in silence was shrouded in fear.

WHISPERS.

A PURE-MINDED, virtuous woman is the most beautiful angel that has visited man upon earth. Her price is beyond the power of gold; her worth is more than that of rubies and diamonds.

THIS HOUSE OF MINE.

This house that I have occupied
For, lo, these many years,
In which I have seen much pleasure,
With some few griefs and tears,
Is getting old and rickety,
And shows signs of decay, —
A sure warning I must leave it
At no far distant day.

The thatching it is getting thin
And white as winter's snow;
The joints begin to creak and bend,
The fires within are low;
The windows they are hazed and dim
Through which I scarce can see;
The underpinning is most gone,
It trembles fearfully.

For years I kept in repairs,
Because I loved it well,
And found it a delightful place
In which my soul could dwell.

But the storms of life have broken
And bent its timbers low:
'Tis but a saddening relic
Of what it once could show.

Yet from it I must go away:
But where, where will it be?
I have no other, in these parts,
To which my soul can flee.
When this one falls, and I am left
Unsheltered on this plain,
Where will I go, where can I stay,
In Nature's vast domain?

I believe there is a mansion
In angel realms above,
In which my poor unclad spirit
May find a home of love.
But will I feel just right to ask
That I may in it dwell,
And share the peace and comfort there —
What story can I tell?

Should I be asked what I had done
While living in the earth,
Or what rare treasure I had brought,
To prove myself of worth,

What answer could I make, and what
  True wealth could I display,
To show I had not foolishly
  Loitered my time away?

Have I one poor little talent
  Earned by my labors here,
Or one deed of loving-kindness,
  That will for me appear,
To prove my worth and worthiness
  As claimant of that love
Which will furnish me a passport
  To th' angels' home above?

WHISPERS.

SPEAK freely the truths which inspire the mind, though the whole world fail to comprehend that which is spoken.

Ignorance is night, knowledge is light;
They both dwell together in the same brain,
Only ignorance is the brake on wisdom's train.

LINES GIVEN BY A SPIRIT,

AT HER CENTENNIAL BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

'Tis sweet to be remembered
By those we've left behind,
'Tis sweet to know loving ties
Our hearts forever bind;
And though you are on earth plain,
I in the summer land,
Yet our souls hold communion
On themes sublime and grand.

In answer to your longings
I oft revisit earth,
And join the dear home circle
Love gathers round your hearth;
I mingle in your pleasures,
I hear your low-breathed prayer,
And seek t' place your wand'ring feet
Upon the golden stair.

My daughters, you are mothers,
And have the mother heart,
And know that a mother's love
Is of her life a part.

Death's only power is to free
It from its earthly clod,
That it may shine more brightly
In higher realms of God.

Your time on earth grows shorter,
Yes, shorter day by day,
And soon the angel shallop
Will bring you o'er the way,
Where we'll be reunited
As in the days of yore,
Before my soul was summoned
To this immortal shore.

Your spirit ears are opened,
And ere from earth you rise,
Your vision will be quickened,
And with soul-beaming eyes
You shall behold us waiting
Around your earthly bed,
To greet your new-born spirit
When it the form has fled.

Yes, we will then be near you
In that dark, trying hour,
And you shall be supported
By other higher power,

Until to conscious being
You are revived again,
And stand forth free-born spirits
In God's unbound domain.

I thank you for this token
Of your unchanging love;
And others near 'nd dear to you,
As well as us above,
Are pouring forth thanksgivings
In sweet, immortal song,
That vibrate pure melody
To heaven's happy throng.

One hundred brief years ago,
My infant spirit broke
Oblivion's bonds, and arose,
To consciousness awoke;
It told that one immortal
Had risen from the clod,
To view our mother Nature
And learn of th' father God.

Adieu, my dear, dear children,
Until another year,
When we will return again
And fill your hearts with cheer,

By whisp'ring pure, noble thoughts
To each and all of you,
Who seek freedom for mankind
And live lives good and true.

Be just and kind, my dear ones,
Stand steadfast for the right,
And for yourselves and children
Seek wisdom's shining light;
Then when the golden portals
Shall open we will come,
And bear your happy spirits
Up to our angel home.

WHISPERS.

Look for the flowers that bloom along life's path-
way,
And few weeds will be seen to annoy thee.

A well-trained, liberal mind is like a well-graded public thoroughfare: it allows all classes of thought and opinion to pass without being stopped at toll-bridges built of narrow-minded prejudices, creeds and dogmas.

WHO ARE THE RICH?

Not those who dwell 'neath gilded domes,
Not those who live in palace homes,
On riches fed:
No, they are of the poorest poor,
And may beg on the angel shore
Long after dead.

Is it that class who have grown gray
In gaining wealth that fades away
At death's broad door;
Or spend their time in sowing seeds
That bring forth naught but thorns and weeds?
No: they are poor.

Nor is it those that here parade
A vanity that time will fade,
And want will waste.
No: they are brilliants that will dim;
There's naught of value found in them;
They 're simply paste.

Nor is it those that pray aloud,
Or wrap the form in saintly shroud,
The world to blind.
No: they will drop into the grave
Unmourned, both hypocrite and knave.
To join their kind.

Is it the lawyer with his greed,
Or Shylock banker that with speed
Carves out his pound?
No: their dwarfed souls from heaven are barred:
They'll find below their just reward,
Where they are bound.

No: none of these are rich or wise;
For wealth that changes not nor dies
When life is o'er,
Is neither gold nor foolish pride,
For they will sink upon that tide
That ebbs death's shore.

What, then, is wealth, if none of these?
What is there that mankind can seize,
And yet be blessed?
Truth, and right, and a helping hand
To all who 're poor throughout the land,
Are wealth confessed.

For richer far than mines of gold
Are they who delve beneath the mould
Of poverty,
And lift above the slime and mire
Of crime and sin and base desire,
Humanity.

WHAT KILLED DAN McCURRY?

Its sable robe night had cast o'er
Th' bright-green carpet of Nature's floor,
Hiding from sight the mountain's crest
In silent rest,

When, 'midst the thunder and the rain,
A soul stepped forth from rushing train
On th' Wabash and Western Road,
To death's abode.

No doubt exists about the fact;
But who or what produced the act
Is something that is not quite clear
To people here.

One says his time had fully come,
His faith was finished, work all done,
Hence could not longer here remain
'Mid grief and pain.

That God had called him to come home,
And take a seat beneath the throne,
There to sing for evermore
On angels' shore.

The saint with pious mien and look
Reads solemnly from a great book,
And says it was an angry God
Who hurled the clod

Back to the earth from whence it came,
Freeing the soul from sin and shame,
Putting it to sleep in the grave,
To damn or save.

Others have quite different views,
And say it was bad luck or news
Which crazed the mind, until despair
Impelled him there;

While skeptics hold the churchmen's rules
Show them a precious batch of fools,
By affirming *gravitation*
'Nd remote foundation.

THE ROSE.

Of all the fair flowers that engem the green earth,
None have the beauty, the fragrance and worth,
Found imbedded in sweet, gentle repose,
Within the bosom of the beautiful rose.

How sweet is its breath on the soft morning air!
A queen it reigns with the false and fair.
No one rejects it, for none can disclose
The heart, where it loves, like the beautiful rose.

How proudly it beams on the rest in the vase!
In grandeur it reigns, the princess of grace:
It smiles in the cottage when the wind blows,
And peeps from the cabin upon the cold snows.

The bee in its chalice sports with delight;
He forsakes the clover when it comes in sight,
And, embracing, kisses its soft velvet lips,
As he from its heart the sweet nectar sips.

He flies through the woods, groves, garden 'nd meadow,
Sports with the sunshine, fans his own shadow;
Yet where'er he rambles, each place he goes,
His choice is the dew from heart of the rose.

It perfumes the air with its sweet-scented breath,
Its spirit lives on past the portals of death,
And reclothes itself in bright spheres above,
Where 't is worn a badge of infinite love.

By it the "May Queen" is happily crowned;
In th' wreath of angels it ever is found;
In gardens on high it breathes its sweet prayer,
And hides its blushes 'neath th' evergreens there.

What joy and comfort it brings to the heart
By the bright beauty that it doth impart;
It touches the soul with its delicate breath,
And tells of a land where there is no death.

I love the sweet flowers as things immortal,
And hope to see them beyond death's portal,
Where all that has lived upon this fair earth
Will enter with joy at the higher birth.

In mem'ry they'll live with me, I am sure,
So long as spirit and mind shall endure;
For t' forget them were misfortune indeed,
From which I earnestly pray to be freed.

They are immortal, for they are of God,
Who caused them to spring from under the sod,
And shake from their petals love-light and power,
To prove that his breath preserves the sweet flower.

WAITING AND WATCHING.

Oh, sweet to the mind are the thoughts of our childhood,
As we rambled the lawn, groves and meadows all through;
But brighter, far brighter, we painted our manhood,
With a love that was pure, sacred, holy and true.

The bright, sunny smiles of gay youth have departed,
Our look it is haggard, and the cheeks they are pale;
Disappointed, we're left almost broken-hearted,
While passion now sweeps over the mind like a gale.

The beautiful day dreams which fancy had painted
Have fled from the sight to oblivion's dark tomb;
Weak, wounded and bleeding, the heart it has fainted,
And in sympathy all the senses have swooned.

All alone, yes, alone! all through life how lonely!
No one to sympathize with my sad, aching heart!
Yes, yes! there is one, just one dearest and only;
But fate, cruel fate, has placed us far, far apart.

How anxious the mind that is waiting and watching
To catch the sweet voice of the one that is beloved;
And how harshly pleasures of others come grating
When the form of that dear one from sight is removed.

Waiting and watching for the sweet words once spoken,
Listening to catch the first soft sounds from the voice;
Waiting to impart purest love's highest token,
Ever watching to embrace the heart's fairest choice.

Sitting in silence while night's darkness is fleeting,
And dreaming of pleasures that the future may yield;
Longing for the time when our souls, again meeting,
With a love heaven-born may forever be sealed.

Life's summer is passing, and autumn's approaching,
And soon will be felt her frosts and snows cold and drear;
Already we feel her dread presence encroaching,
And nipping our sweet flowers to us, oh! so dear.

Waiting and watching stern, cold winter come nigher;
Oh, how bleak, how barren, how forlorn and how sad!
Yet there is a thought which puts an end to desire,
And makes the heart both rejoice, feel merry and glad.

'T is this, — that the last biting frosts of December
Will finish all our waiting and watching while here;
Then not a sigh nor sorrow will we remember,
As we begin life anew in some brighter sphere.

Then finished our waiting, and finished our watching,
No more will tears of anguish in sorrow arise:
But, joined to our dear ones, no more again parting,
We will wing our swift flight through the angelic skies.

Oh, blessed be the thought that the dear ones that love us
Again shall be ours when life's struggles are all o'er;
And welcome the time when the loved ones above us
Shall descend to conduct us to that heavenly shore.

WHISPERS.

As in the garden best tended
Are found the brighest, sweetest flowers,
So in the mind most cultivated
Grow the grandest godlike powers.
From soil that is not stirred at all
Little is garnered in the fall.

As empty wagons sound the loudest,
So do heads with nothing in:
Ever rumbling, growling, grumbling,
Seeing naught but wrong and sin.

SMILE NOT TOO FONDLY ON ME.

Smile not too fondly on me,
  Love me only as a brother;
Give friendship pure and holy, —
  I ask not for any other.
Help me to do life's duty,
  Every burden bearing gladly,
Nor force where waves of passion
  Will surge o'er my spirit madly.

Let noble thoughts control thee
  In entering another's home;
On virtue's sacred altar
  A pure offering let be shown.
Touch not young Cupid's quiver,
  Nor to his bow an arrow lend,
Lest in a thoughtless moment
  Depart a true and worthy friend.

WHISPERS.

Those who can see a devil in any of Nature's works must have a devilish eye to view him with.

INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM.

I HOLD it to be the right of every one to draw from the great treasury of Nature and the abundant store which she provides, that which is necessary to the health, comfort and growth of the body, the happiness and unfoldment of the mind, and the full and perfect development of the soul, wherever they may find the same, without transgressing or infringing upon rights belonging to others; further, that natural demands are natural rights, and as such should be held sacred by all.

That the duty of every government, and the object of all law, should be for the express purpose of securing to individuals that which will give them the highest degree of physical, mental, moral and spiritual prosperity.

As the body is formed, unfolded and sustained by the operation of inherent affinitizing laws and immutable principles from the endless variety of forces and substances in nature, all have rightful claims upon her bounty, that must sooner or later be met and fully satisfied. Nature never repudiates any of her just debts, but liquidates all claims to the uttermost farthing, and is just as particular

that we should meet all demands due her with the same degree of promptitude.

Further, that we have no right to judge of the motives which prompt another to action, unless we accept for ourselves the exact position they occupy, with the same temperament, organization, demands and influences surrounding us that are around them.

That individuals are creatures of circumstance, and are subject to the active influence of those laws which govern the particular class of elements which enter into and form their being.

It would be unreasonable and foolish to ask of one who was blind, to see, simply because we failed to comprehend his lack of sight; and it is evidence of shortsightedness in us to expect persons possessing small intellectual organs to express the wisdom of a Webster, the eloquence of a Clay, or the philosophy of a Franklin. Great men are made so by their organization and the influences in life which call into action the high moral and intellectual capacities which they have inherited. Men do not make or unmake themselves, but what is within them called and quickened into activity by surrounding influences; and truth reveals the fact to mankind that a Judas was as essential to the plan of the Christians' salvation and their theories of the world's redemption as was Jesus of Nazareth, not-

withstanding the unwholesomeness of the philosophy to the religious minds of the world. That Homer, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Demosthenes, Shakspeare and Milton, with all their intellectual greatness, were nothing more than what the demands of the age in which they lived, acting upon the large capacities and capabilities of their mentality, compelled them to be. And all of their virtue, honor, integrity, morality, philosophy and high noblemindedness were but the germinating and growth of moral, spiritual and intellectual seeds planted in their embryotic natures, and which the demands of life and circumstances surrounding them acted upon to fecundate and bring forth.

It is noble to praise a noble act;
But he who praises the channel through which it flows
Reveals to wisdom the bold, burning fact
That the amount of truth is small that he bestows.

A well-balanced organization produces a being of harmony; whereas an unbalanced one produces one of inharmony.

The unbalanced state of our natures becomes a demand, which develops aspiration, which is the parent of every human desire. When using the

term *balanced*, we do not mean to be understood as using it in the absolute sense; for, were it possible to become perfectly and completely balanced, we would have no further desire, aspiration would cease, stagnation would be the result, and we would be enfolded in the arms of an eternal night of lethargy.

Nature has so organized and surrounded us that it is utterly impossible for us to ever become perfectly and absolutely balanced. The individuality of atoms and atomic forces, with the endless variety of influences which they develop, and out of which we are formed, will forever keep us in the line of want, and cause us to seek, in all the different departments of nature, for those hidden treasures for which we feel a demand. It is this which constitutes and forms the grand object and aim of life. Our greatest happiness is found in the deep anticipations we experience while in pursuit of that which we imagine will satisfy the longing aspirations of the soul. But when the pursuit is ended, the victory won, and the prize obtained, there have been developed new desires, greater demands, higher aspirations, sublimer powers, more potent forces, than existed in the first instance. And thus it is all through life, whether we seek blessings in the line of virtue, or misery in the paths of vice.

A little vice doth a larger breed,
Because it multiplies its seed;
While virtues e'er from virtues spring
To bless each soul through which they sing.

The organs of veneration and spirituality, when acted upon by the inspirations of the angel world, cause the individual to express all the beauty and purity belonging to the divine soul. And thus it is with the animal and intellectual: if the back brain overbalances the front, or intellectual, the man or woman is upon the brute plane, and can only enjoy natures similar to their own; whereas, if they are upon the intellectual, it is because the perceptives and reflectives rule, and force them upon that plane. Each individual organ of the brain has a center of its own, to which it attracts forces and substances in harmony with itself; and from the planes around it gathers that which will feed and strengthen it most. When we are surrounded by elements and influences that are not congenial to the spirit, it retires, and barricades every entrance to its sanctum, leaving the emotional and animal to hold high carnival throughout the whole temple of being. But when they have become surfeited with excesses, and retire because of exhaustion, then it is she puts forth her hand and grasps the reins of reason, and guides the steeds of passion

out of the sloughs of bestiality, upon the broad and well-graded avenue of virtue and purity.

The soul is like the diamond, and shows the degree of brightness it possesses, whenever the light and influence of truth fall upon it, the same as the ever-changing hues of light are reflected from the crystallization of pure carbon; and is no more entitled to praise for its purity, so far as its own efforts are concerned, than the stone is for its brightness: the same law in nature which gave brightness to the stone gives beauty to the soul. Mankind are just what the forces forming them compel them to be; and as well might they try to change the color of their eyes or the shape of their ears by the simple effort of will, as to change their passional, emotional or intellectual natures without the aid of influences superior to themselves.

When we are assisted by those having and possessing large spirituality, we are enabled to enjoy light in proportion to our spiritual capacity: so of the other portions of our mental being

Intelligence is poorly bestowed
That's cast before the brutal swine;
But where it makes of man a god
It points to attributes divine.

Nature unfolds it as the guide
To guard the soul while on the earth;
For past and present wants provide,
Unfolding all in us of worth.

It is the servant of the soul,
And should obey its lordly will,
Keeping the passions in control,
While highest bliss to all distill.

Then, like a Christ, the kingdom give
Back to the soul when are put down
All enemies, and it receive
Of Nature an immortal crown.

Then wisdom's tree will need no sword
To guard and keep its precious fruit;
For Truth, Jehovah's saviour word,
Will raise mankind above the brute.

WHISPERS.

A RELIGIOUS bigot is a scourge and curse to all who exercise the high prerogative of worshiping according to the dictates of their consciences.

WOUNDS.

Who has not been wounded
In head or bleeding heart?
Who has not felt poison
From an enemy's dart?
If in all the wide world
There can be any found,
Let them be called perfect,
As such henceforth be crowned.

A wound in the body
Brings but a little smart;
A wound within the mind
Comes nearer to the heart;
But a wound in spirit
Gives far the greatest pain,
And the one who gives it
Will have to bear the stain.

Each unkind word spoken
Draws demons to the soul,
When spirit, life's token,
Goes under their control;

All pain brought another,
  Each tear, each moan, each sigh,
Again its author 'll meet
  Where souls never die.

If the shafts of envy
  Should make you weep and moan,
If the stings of slander
  Should cause a sigh or groan,
Forgive and forget it,
  Is much the better way,
It makes us more Godlike
  Forgiveness to display.

If evil tongues should say
  You are not good and true,
Put forth greater effort,
  The path of right pursue;
Do not stop or heed them,
  The good are sure to win,—
Vile words never enter
  Where opes no gate of sin.

Remember, those loved ones,
  Who've left the shores of time
Are watching always near,
  Whisp'ring in prose or rhyme,

Saying, Do not weary,
  But bravely force your way
To the gates of glory,
  A brighter, better day.

Act well the part given
  In the drama of life,
Let self-abnegation
  Keep from all deeds of strife;
Never be discouraged
  Nor bow to slavish fear;
We all are some brighter
  For chis'lings we get here.

Why then care for sorrow?
  It cannot always last;
Why of future borrow,
  Or cling to dying past?
Live now in the present,
  Seeking the greatest good,
Unfolding *that* within,
  As Nature meant we should.

Then let all be merry,
  And sing and shout for joy;
The time is not distant
  When life's ship 'll sound, Ahoy!

As it hails port of heaven,
In that bright spirit land,
Where we'll join angels given
For our guardian band.

ALL IS WELL.

Come, sing to me of that fair land,
That land where loved ones dwell,
Where crystal fountains ever flow,
And all is well.

Sing of those beautiful rivers
Whose banks with music swell,
Where the angels chant their pæans,
That all is well.

Sing of those embowered gardens
Where Nature's songsters tell,
In strains of perfect melody,
That all is well.

Sing of those beautiful flowers
That charm the sense of smell,
Breathing forth, in their sweet fragrance,
That all is well.

Sing of the groves and rippling rills,
The mountain and the dell,
Where the gentle zephyrs murmur
That all is well.

Sing of lakes whose banks are bordered
With bloom and pearly shell,
Whose pure, peaceful anthems echo
That all is well.

Sing of those beautiful angels
Who will soon come and tell
That our labors here are ended,
And all is well.

Sing of that beautiful shallop
That will ring *loud* its bell,
As with our spirits it anchors
Where all is well.

Sing of God, our Spirit Father;
Let his praise all hearts swell,
Till we reach that better mansion
Where all is well.

THE ORPHAN'S COMPLAINT AND PRAYER.

I'm a poor orphan in the cold, cold street;
Scanty my garments and naked my feet,
With no one to pity, no one to love,
Except the angels, who watch from above.

I'm an orphan; no sisters, no brother;
Freezing, starving, no father, no mother:
Wand'ring in darkness and storm all alone,
With no one to feed or give me a home.

O angels above, why, why was I born,
An object of pity, creature of scorn?
Whipped like the dumb brutes, and driven away,
Threatened and scolded wherever I stay.

Once I had a mother, gentle and kind,
Pure as crystal, like the diamond her mind,
Who used to kiss me and pat my soft cheek:
How gentle and kind were words she did speak.

But my dear mother was taken from earth;
Robbed of my sweet home, I was driven forth
Into the dark street to beg or to die,
Where none would listen or heed my sad cry.

Mother dear, can you your darling now see?
And, angel mother, do you still love me?
If so, ask of God to take me on high,
For your little darling now wants to die.

Oh, how hard to starve, in sight of nice food!
Is it because, mother, I am not good?
I'm left unprovided — nothing at all:
Oh, angels in heaven, hear my sad call!

Mother oft told me to kneel down and pray:
They were beautiful words she had me say;
She taught me to seek forgiveness and bread,
And for good angels to watch round my bed.

How beautiful all things seemed to me then, —
The mountains and valleys, forests and glen:
Ev'ry one was good and kind as could be,
But now do nothing but scold and whip me.

I wonder if I could now pray aright —
But it may be God couldn't listen to-night,
For there are so many, blessings to share:
Perhaps there's nothing for me he could spare.

And yet I will ask, for now it may be
That some bright angel is whispering to me,
And putting these thoughts right into my mind;
I feel, if I seek, a blessing I'll find.

HER PRAYER

Father of all things on land or in sea,
Wilt thou hear and answer a prayer from me?
And if I ask for what thou canst not give,
Grant me thy pardon, my error forgive.

Wilt thou give me friends who are true and good,
Who will take and love me, giving me food,
Guiding my feet where thy will I can learn,
Forgiving all those who my presence spurn?

Give wisdom and knowledge to guide aright,
Inspire me with truth and its holy light;
Give pity for the rich, love for the poor,
Make me an index to heaven's bright door.

Give charity for faults of another,
Forgiveness for each sister and brother;
Respect for the aged; a listening ear,
That their counsels may guide while I live here.

Give patience, that I with others forbear,
And help those who need, their burdens to share;
Strength for the weary who faint by the way,
Guide to the wayward, inclining to stray.

Give bread for our bodies, thought for the mind,
Hearing to the deaf and sight to the blind,
Speech to the dumb and wisdom to the fool,
Truth for their best guide, and virtue their rule.

Give justice to each, judge, jury and court;
Industry that all may earn their support;
Knowledge and honor to scholar 'nd teacher;
A blessing for all born out of nature.

May our talents be used for those in want;
In the struggle for right may we be front,
And with both hands and tongue do all we can
To reform *weak* woman and *weaker* man.

Let thy will above be done in the earth;
Teach us to value our spirits' true worth,
Laying up treasures with thee in the skies,
That each may receive when this body dies.

Teach us day by day the way we should live;
Forgive and bless us as we shall forgive;
Pour out thy spirit upon each brother;
Lovingly aid as we do each other.

And now, All-Father, if aught thou dost see
That will draw all of us *nearer to thee*,
Grant it, and to thy name be honor given,
By those upon earth and with thee *in Heaven*.

CONSISTENCY.

Consistency a great sage once defined
"To be a bright jewel, that from the mind
Sent forth its beauties like a beaming star,
To dispel shadows that life's pleasures mar."

He said, "Ne'er ask that another receive
That which would be likely your heart to grieve;
But always step in the other one's shoes,
To know just what self should do or refuse."

Then if you'd be happy make others so,
And kindness you ask on each one bestow;
For wrongs are apt to grow for themselves horns,
While right is a flower that covers the thorns.

If you wish justice then to the whole race,
Deal out equal rights, regardless of place,
Name or position; for Nature, the cause,
Blesses the soul that keeps sacred her laws.

Would you have virtue your sister adorn,
Or purity in your mother unshorn?
Then elevate woman to her true place,
Nor seek by craft her fair soul to disgrace.

Do you believe that each one should be free
To follow such paths as they can best see?
Why blame, should they find some curves not in
yours,
So the same end as thine to them it secures?

What great presumption then to interfere,
To show the best way to that higher sphere,
When angels through all the world are sent out
To show each spirit its most direct route!

To some the near way lies through a dark swamp,
Without any light save life's little lamp,
Which flutters and sputters through fogs and mire
Which rise from grossest and basest desire.

Others over rocks and hills high and steep,
Some down in dark valleys lonely and deep,
Others through beautiful gardens of flowers,—
Each route direct to the angelic bowers.

So, when you scan others' faults or their sins,
Take your position where honor begins,
And see if the verdict which you would give,
In turn you'd be willing from them t' receive.

Is your life all pure, with no hidden shame?
If not, be consistent, nor seek to blame
Those who belong to the same craft or crew,
For th' gale that sinks them would also drown you.

A STORM.

Hark! I hear the deep-toned murmurings
  Of the loud-voiced thunder nigh:
Look! behold the red-tongued lightnings
  Playing athwart yonder sky.

See those leaden clouds, so lowering,
  'Gainst great Nature's archway hurled,
Seemingly to heaven towering,
  Shutting out the upper world.

List! here come, on swift-winged pinions,
  Howling winds; and in their train
Are the plumed rainbow minions,
  Descending with drops of rain.

Now a flash, a crash, then silence,
  Follow each o'er Nature's floor,
Keeping time to the deep music
  Of the rain and wave-washed shore.

Peal on peal in swift succession;
  The storm-god plays his wildest strain;
In unmeasured tones he warbles
  Music o'er the land and main.

Nature weeps: behold the tear-drops
Streaming down upon her face;
Hear her sighs and dismal moanings,
Echoing through boundless space.

Fiercer grow the assailing powers,
Making giant hill-tops quake;
Rending rocks from out the mountain,
Giving earth a lusty shake.

Now it passes; nature brightens;
Sun shines forth, the storm is o'er;
Now the pillared clouds they whiten;
Calm succeeds the tempest's roar.

The air is now pure and balmy,
Earth is robed in fairer green:
'Twas but Nature at her toilet;
Now she reigns a sweeter queen.

Look! she wears the purple rainbow,
Made of crimson, green and gold;
On her brow it glows with beauty,
Arch exquisite to behold.

Now the sun-god smiles upon her,
Kissing all her tears away,
As he creeps within her bosom,
And doth with her treasures play.

Heaven sends on us and planets
  Storms to make us brighter shine,
Washing off the filth and *débris*
  Which obscure both soul and mind.

WHISPERS.

As frost opes the shell of the walnut, so grief opes the shell of the soul, that the divine germ of goodness may come forth and shed its beauty o'er all the earth.

As wine refreshes the weary, and gladdens the heart of the sorrowful, so doth gentle speech calm the turbulent mind, and bring repose to the restless spirit.

Evil minds are forward in believing others guilty of the same thoughts, feelings and actions they find in themselves.

Resolutions, be they never so good, if not put into practice, are like blossoms which bear no fruit.

THE FLOWING BOWL.

Oh, the curse of the flowing bowl,
Peace-destroyer of the soul!
Who can tell the tale of woe?
Who can the misery know,
That is drained from the vile cup
Which mankind have taken up?

None can know, and none can tell,
Save those in a drunkard's h——l.
Oh, the fiery pain it brings!
How the soul it burns and stings!
Tears and groans are on its wings;
Joy and peace from all it flings,
Leaving naught but tears and sighs,
Mothers' moans and orphans' cries.

Oh, ye who conscience smother,
Dealing death to another,
How can you for paltry gold
Let your happiness be sold,
And for a full golden purse
Bring on self an endless curse?
Damn self for the love of gain,
Cloud the soul with guilty stain,

Fill the world with mental pain,
Widows weeping o'er their slain,
Moaning, wailing for their dead,
Till tears are by angels shed?

Look at that poor sick mother,
Striving her grief to smother,
Feelings that doth wring her breast,
Hunger that will give no rest,
On her hard pillow lying,
Anguish-tossed, sobbing, crying,
Food and rest self denying
To keep her babe from dying,
While husband and father in drunken sleep
Knows nothing of the bitter tears they weep.

Where is all that kind protection,
Youthful love and sweet affection,
That were vowed should never falter,
As they knelt before the altar
To invoke blessings of heaven
Upon promises then given?
Gone! Yes, all gone! The cursed bowl
Drove love and kindness from the soul.

Where is now that happy father
Who did with his loved ones gather
Around the hearth in "home, sweet home,"
When the labors of day were done?

Where are those presents that did cheer
The mother and those children dear?
Where now the food and daily bread
With which their bodies must be fed?
Where are the clothes to keep out cold?
Where has flown the close-guarded gold?
It has gone to the drunkard's tills
For poison that the body kills.

Where the ringing laugh and smile
Of that beautiful, happy child?
Where are the rose-tints that once dyed
The dimpled cheeks of that young bride?
Anxiety, cares, want and fears,
Continued through long, weary years,
Have blanched them, till naught now remains
Save a mere wreck bowed down with pains.

DRUNKARD.

WHERE is now that cottage home,
And the friends that used to come
In thy temp'rate years?
They have fled thy fiery breath;
Love was quenched, but not with death:
It was drowned with tears.

Thy farms and lands, store and mill,
With the cottage on the hill,
Have all, all been sold:

And what hast thou in return
Save bloated looks 'nd cheeks that burn
With misery untold?

Reputation too is gone,
Sold to buy thy soul a wrong,
While dark demons press and throng
With infernal speech;
Delirium pictures h——l,
Where despair and serpents dwell
Worse than tongue or pen can tell,
Or the fancies reach.

Those dear ones henceforth must go,
Clad in poverty and woe,
Where life's bitter waters flow
From ruin's dark brink;
Home and hopes forever flown,
Friends and happiness all gone,
They alone must wander on,
Despoiled by drink.

Oh, brother, art thou seller
Of that curse of the distiller,
That which is reason's killer,
Beware: God is love,
'Nd thou must face him with each deed,
Meet all hearts thou 'st caused to bleed,
In the world above.

MAN FILLS THE PLACE NATURE FITS HIM FOR.

THERE'S a law in nature
  Which governs every kind,
And all have a level
  Which they will sometime find.
None need growl or grumble
  About surroundings here,
For all have their true plane,
  Are in their rightful sphere.

All things are the result
  Of a more potent cause;
Are known and seen effects
  Of principles and laws;
And as the great Builder
  Has need, He puts in shape,
Fitting soul and substance
  To fill some open gape.

Each takes a spot or place
  By some other forsook:
It may be one low down,
  Or higher than we look.

But if design thus wills,
  Up comes a force to rule,
And we soon are landed
  Where stood a man or fool.

There are forces in some
  That nothing can deprave;
In some there's a spirit
  No power could enslave;
Whilst others have no aim
  Above the menial's hire:
To be "Simple Cipher"
  Is the end of desire.

All show forth a power
  Of less or greater worth;
True merit soars above
  The fleeting things of earth:
For truth works everywhere
  To bless the mental poor,
Keeping its bright presence
  At each heart's open door.

If what nature made good
  Doth kindle burning ire,
Or develop passion,
  Unfolding gross desire,

Misjudge nor fault the same
By calling it evil:
It is the storm-tossed wave,
Seeking for its level.

The body that rules th' brain
Will be inclined to lust;
It was formed for labor,
And work it will and must:
Therefore 'tis kept within
The bounds of weak desire,
And naught but hard labor
Can such a soul inspire.

All have their true labor,
Be it in-doors or out;
All their rightful business,
Where'er they move about.
Yea, drones in nature's hive
Are of the greatest use:
They are well adapted
To take the world's abuse.

Smoothly-spoken villains
Have a use, we confess:
They tend to make sharper,
Exciting cautiousness;

Also serve auxiliary
To the sable-robed priest,
For by such great sinners
His business is increased.

Where would be the churches,
If none were thought depraved?
Or crown of liberty,
Were there no souls enslaved?
Where would be the story
Of Calvary and sin?
I will tell you: listen!
They never would have been.

Who would build our railroads,
Our bridges and canals,
Or who would be our servants,
Were there no Pats and Sals?
I tell you, no great work
Nor public would be made,—
Were brain cheap as muscle,
Improvements soon would fade.

They who have brain enough
To work a thousand hands,
Or a mind to perceive
What this great world demands,

Would display much folly
  Working a single pair,
Holding in their bondage
  Talents and genius rare.

All are joined together
  As Nature first designed;
The grosser must be ruled
  By finer powers of mind.
'Tis not the diamond's size
  Which decides its true worth,
But purity, and power
  To send the lightnings forth.

Life's chain starts in matter,
  Is linked to the unknown;
It winds through all the earth,
  And seeks a higher throne.
We embrace each other
  The same as do the links,
And, when much entangled,
  Death takes out all the kinks.

Those who pick at Nature,
  Her works, her ways, or laws,
In ignorant blindness
  Complain of that great Cause

Which unfolded all things,
  Made them perfect and good,
Beautiful and useful,
  When rightly understood.

Are not all our members
  Needful to us while here,
Performing life's labors
  In every clime and sphere, —
All doing their duty,
  As Nature first designed,
Separate in action,
  A unit when combined?

It is not expected
  The foot will hear or talk,
Or the mouth, eye or tongue
  Will run or jump or walk,
But fulfill its mission
  In harmony with law
While from life's vast fountain
  Nectareous pleasure draw.

Learn this, nor forget it,
  All you who would be wise,
That those who fain would seek
  Nature to criticise,

Presume to teach that Cause
Which comprehends the whole,
Whose wisdom is supreme,
And holds all in control.

Each stream has its channel,
Each atom its own groove,
All beings their orbits
In which to turn and move;
Rolling round each other,
The small around the great,
Marching onward, upward,
To higher, purer state.

All those who keep the course
Which Nature placed them in,
Are guilty — so say some —
Of an enormous sin,
And should at once leave it
For a poor, lonely road,
On which roam few pilgrims,
Seeking the unknown God.

That which bears us onward,
No matter what it be,
Springs from source infinite
In love and purity;

Permeates the atom,
  Fixing its labors here,
The same as of angels
  On this and higher sphere.

As parts of the body
  Have their proper place,
So all things in nature
  The mind or soul can trace,
And, in spite of comment,
  On things we may abhor,
We are each in the spot
  We are best fitted for.

WHISPERS.

Did we but control our appetites and passions, there would be small use for medical quacks or legal shysters in any community.

As a drop of poison may destroy the body, so may an unkind word sever a life-long friendship, making a good friend an unrelenting enemy.

A SHORT SERMON.

TEXT.—"BE KIND."

BE kind to all within thy reach,
No matter what their station;
And practise e'er what thou dost preach,
For soul growth and salvation.

If other minds and eyes are such,
That they cannot see the right,
Go try, and it may be thy touch
Will unfold to them the light.

And if they're poor and in distress,
Help them! it is thy duty;
By doing so, self thou wilt bless
With peace, and joy, and beauty.

Are any ignorant of heaven,
Teach them of the world above,
And show them that to us are given
Angel guardians to love.

Are widows mourning in the land,
Forget not they are sisters;
Lend unto them a helping hand,
Shield them from all disasters.

And if the orphan's wailing cry
  Is heard asking shelter, food,
Remember, Love's all-seeing eye
  Will behold if thou dost good.

Have temptations led the weak wrong,
  Causing them from right to stray?
Show them virtue is ever strong,
  And points to a better way.

Has thy sister woman fallen,
  And lost life's most sacred crown,
Increase not shame and disgrace
  By thy lofty mien and frown.

Condemn not her because she fell,
  But pity more than blame her;
Remember time alone can tell
  If thou art any stronger.

It may be she had no mother
  To warn her of the danger,
Then be a sister or brother
  To shield her from the stranger.

Be not unkind to the poor child
  That sighs, cries and moans for rest;
But govern it by counsels mild,—
  They will always prove the best.

Another ne'er strike nor injure,
For there is a record made
On the parchment of the conscience,
That ne'er from the soul will fade.

Each act, be it good or evil,
Is placed there by th' angel Love,
To bring us pleasure and comfort
Or woe in the realms above.

Be firm, yet mild, in all thy ways;
Prove just and true forever:
Then happiness and peaceful days
No power from thee will sever.

Let envy, malice, jealousy,
Be banished from thy nature,
And in their place radiantly
Will spring love's smiling feature.

Give smiles for frowns, and do not scold;
Then true pleasure will attend,
While happiness will thee enfold,
And remain thy constant friend.

Let charity's mantle cover up
The faults of one another,
Then wilt thou pass the tear-stained cup
From lips of thy poor brother.

KEEP THYSELF CLEAN.

Let not from thy lip an evil word slip;
Suppress each desire to act mean;
Be careful of words, for they are like birds,—
Some kinds are both foul and unclean.

Strive bravely, while young, to bridle the tongue;
Remember thy life is all seen,
So do not a thing that to thee will bring
The feeling that thou art unclean.

In manhood and youth embrace the whole truth:
It is from the mind others glean:
Therefore only show the good thou dost know;
Keep back the impure and unclean.

Seek that kind of food which is pure and good,
Thy nature from all other ween;
Ne'er think it is smart some gross slang to start:
It will make thee dark and unclean.

The things that are vile the mind e'er defile
And make it for filth a coarse screen;
It never grows great, but sinks to that state
Which evermore seemeth unclean.

Walk always erect, treat all with respect,
It is bad to swagger or lean;
And whene'er thou can, stand up like a man,
With feelings that are not unclean.

Neither chew nor smoke, nor crack the coarse joke,—
All who have such habits are green;
The rum and gin breath is brimming with death,
And makes the soul feel it's unclean.

Let the mind aspire to mount up higher,
Thy spirit displaying its sheen,
Till angels of love descend from above,
And say to thy soul, Thou art clean.

Keep, outside and in, free from filth and sin,—
Godliness on th' pure has a lien;
And none will arise to angelic skies
Which spirit declares is unclean.

Purify each part,—thy hands, head and heart;
Let not the coarse venom of spleen
E'er bring thee so low as cause thee to do
Whatever that maketh unclean.

ODE TO MY MOTHER.

I LOVE thee just as fondly now,
My own sweet mother dear,
As before thou didst to heaven go,
And leave me weeping here;
For I know thy sweet spirit guards
And guides me ev'rywhere;
Oh, beautiful loving angel,
I feel thy constant care.

My mother dear, could I but see
Thy calm, sweet face to-night,
Could I but view the rippling smiles
Which made thine eyes so bright,
Methinks I should feel happy
As when long ago, a child,
I used to climb upon thy lap
For th' kiss my woes beguiled.

Methinks I hear the same soft tones
Now bursting from thy throat,
Which used in the ev'ning twilight
Out on the zephyrs float,

When thou and my dear kind father,
Guarding those of thy love,
Invoked high and holy angels
To aid thee from above.

My mind recalls the sacred thoughts
I used to have of thee,
And oft I wonder to myself
When thou art near to me,
And think, dost thou know all my mind,
All woe, all peace, all bliss,
My ev'ry thought, my hopes, my fears,
When I'm of right amiss?

Methinks I hear thee say to-night,
As in the days gone by,
Be guided by the true and right,—
Then, when thou 'rt called to die,
No frightful thoughts will thee disturb,
Nor mar thy peaceful rest;
But back to earth thy form will go,
While thou shalt join the blest.

Thy spirit has been over me
When night was all around;
Thy voice resounding in my soul
Has told me to be found

Upon the side of suffering,
  Working ever for the weak,
That mankind may be the better,
  And gain the joys they seek.

My sweet mother, where is Heaven?
  Is 't in some far-off sphere?
I am sure that thou art in it,
  And yet I feel thee here:
Is it so very far away,
  Some great distance above?
Or is it *here* and *ev'rywhere*
  With those we *dearly* love.

WHISPERS.

Envy is the great boil that inflames and makes sore a bad-blooded people; and it never heals until poverty pinches the core out of it.

Ambition, governed by correct principles of wisdom and justice, will ensure to a nation peace, prosperity and happiness.

THIS IS THE AGE OF REASON.

This is the age of reason! let mind all fetters break:
It is the rankest treason truth to shun or forsake.
Let us reason together, said the angel of the Lord,
And I will divide right from wrong with Truth's two-edged sword.

This is the age of reason to those who do not shrink,
But march on to Truth's fountain and from her waters drink.
Nature puts in the mind gems for reason to espy,
So work hard and find them: thou wilt need them bye and bye.

This is the age of reason: why should man fear to think?
In the past at ignorance 'tis said God used to wink;
But now the command is given that all may understand:
He says, Seek out and find me, — I dwell in ev'ry land.

Yes, This is the age of reason, comes welling from
the heart;
Be true in ev'ry spot and place, act nobly ev'ry
part;
Fear not the truths of Heaven, though they con-
tradict thy creeds:
Truth is God's cultivator, to uproot thy mental
weeds.

This is the age of reason, is whispered to the soul:
Fear not scorn and derision, but press to wisdom's
goal:
A beautiful inspiration follows on reason's track;
With truth it will crown us, if we stop not to
turn back.

This is the age of reason: fear not the higher
powers;
Spirit is immortal, and shall dwell in angel bowers:
Give wings to Aspiration, and let her speed away:
Where reason is the leader, it will hold the right
way.

This is the age of reason that the prophets fore-
told;
This is the good time promised, and just around
has rolled;
This is the time wherein Christ said he'd again
appear:
Behold! 'tis *He* who speaketh through every *truth-
ful seer.*

This is the age of reason: see how fast error flies;
Satan has absconded: behold how mankind arise!
Oblivion soon will close o'er the dogmas of the past;
And truth will reign and rule supreme with all mankind at last.

This is the age of reason, when fear alone bows down;
Wisdom esteems our manhood, and fits for each a crown.
It says, *Eat* the tree of knowledge, for *it bringeth sight*,
And drives out all the darkness which hides the *heavenly light.*

This is the age of reason, when the angels from on high
Are descending the ladder which Jacob did espy,
Revealing all the beauties in their fair summer-land,
Unfolding to our vision a bright and happy band.

This is the age of reason: thank God, both small and great;
Pour out heartfelt gratitude, praise him early and late:
Yes, praise him for his goodness, his wisdom, love and power;
Angels praise him up above, on earth each human flower.

CRITICS.

Let would-be critics, who presume to scan,
Judging all the works of their fellow man,
Keep sheathed their weapons till they grow more wise,
Producing better than they criticise.

There are none perfect, said the Nazarine;
Not one save the great All-wise and Unseen:
Hence they alone should speak who comprehend
The ultimate end to which thought doth tend.

Noble natures from an impending blow
Shield the weak and erring friend or foe;
With due appreciation treat the grain
Garnered in poverty, through toil and pain.

Those who delve for chaff in another's bin,
Or seek for the weeds, dirt and smut therein,
Have a cast of soul and a grade of mind
Which find their level in that class and kind.

The prowling, whining cur that nightly bays
At this earth's satellite's bright silver rays,
Displays not more folly than does that class
Who, scribbling of others, write themselves *Ass.*

Look for the mote in thine own dull, bleared eye
Ere beam in another's thou seekest to spy,
Is an ancient maxim Jesus gave to rule
A public nuisance and control a fool.

Let but those throw stones who are without sin,
Is a just judgment, that has always been,
And as true to-day as when given to those
Who sought another's weakness to disclose.

They who others' labors, though poor, deface,
Breed to themselves some merited disgrace;
For the truly good to greater deeds aspire
Than those which spring from so base a desire.

Nature ne'er intended any should be
Artists only in point of true degree;
That diverse minds should have diverse ways,
Each acting his part in life's drama plays.

'Tis not ev'ry mind that is formed to teach;
And but few, I ween, are called here to preach,
And fewer still to act the part of saint:
Let only the *worthy judge what we paint.*

IMMORTALITY OF LIFE.

How beautiful are the ledges,
Mountain peaks, plains, fields and hedges,
The sparkling snow and crystal rain,
All bursting forth in one grand strain!

The murm'ring brooks through flow'ry vales,
Old Ocean's breast bedecked with sails,
The forked lightning's limpid flash,
The thunder's roar and surge's splash;

The woods and lakes with their echo,
The gentle breeze and gales that blow,
The tempest, whirlwind and simoom,
Life, its changes, man's fate and doom, —
From earth toward heaven all life springs,
For *man*, *angels*, *God*, nature sings.

The beautiful emerald grass
Has power to please us as we pass,
And to all sweet lessons might teach,
Could we but know its gentle speech.

The crawling worm, the bug and fly,
Each have beauties that cannot die,
But in the higher life on high
Will prove their immortality.

The fragrant flowers we love to wreathe,
Like us, have life and power to breathe
Exhalations of sweet perfume,
Which live beyond their earthly tomb.

The pebble in the babbling brook
Has inward beauty, if we look,
Which sings this to the poet's muse,
That all things here have endless use.

The little bird that sails in sky,
And whistles to the passer-by,
Doth say in his sweet warbling speech,
"The future will have homes for each."

The swift-finned fish in brook and pond
Will find lakes in the realms beyond,
Where they can sport in rainbowed spray,
And in bright waters ever play.

All things developed here on earth
Have fadeless beauties, untold worth;
And as they have a use while here,
So will their souls in angels' sphere

Be raised up to act that grand part
Which God designed when he did start
This vast universe to unfold
With all the beauty it doth hold.

The other world is crown to this;
And methinks small would be our bliss,
If birds and flowers we love so dear
Could not be there our souls to cheer.

The truth finds speech within the soul,
And says all parts are of the whole;
And if *one life* should cease to bloon
All nature would be clad in gloom.

All that is here will there be found,—
The red man with his hunting-ground,
Those primal forms which close the gap
And over on the human lap;

The chimpanzee and cunning ape,
With other forms of varied shape,—
All will find on the spirit shore
A place to dwell for evermore.

All types and kinds, each shade and race,
Will find the world above has space
Sufficient for all found on this,
With powers of endless, boundless bliss;

For each part is of that great whole
Whose life gives being to the soul.

The white man will in angel-land
The powers of mind and soul expand,
Until causation he shall clasp,
And hold all law within his grasp.

His infinite and vast abode
Shall be the universe of God,
Through which he shall in raptures roam
Through the eternities to come.

Large galleries of art will there appear,
And as upward we go from sphere to sphere,
We'll see *greatness*, *grandeur* and *glory* rise:
On! on forever through the vaulted skies,

Large temples will there be free for the poor,
And truth will exist in abundant store;
Schools of science will also greet our view,
And in them those principles ever true
Will be expounded by ancient sages
Through eternity's progressive ages.

Philosophical Plato will preside,
With Solon the wise in angelic pride,
And noble Lycurgus for honored worth,
With Homer and his Iliadic mirth.

Demosthenes, with his great eloquence,
With Socratic logic, will there dispense
The true principles that develop cause
Producing effects by progressive laws.

Raphael there, with acute, artistic eye,
With worthy Michael Angelo shall vie
In painting landscapes of the Spirit-world
To be in those temples of art unfurled.

Mozart, Beethoven, and like kindred souls,
Shakspeare and Milton, whom the Muse enfolds,
Pope, Burns and Byron with their stalwart rhymes,
With other singers of the present times.

The design revealed in Nature's great plan
Is to unfold the wisdom part of man;
For him are all kingdoms below progressed,
That he may be by growth supremely blessed:
For him doth all beneath his own sphere live,
Unending happiness the soul to give.

All! all is beautiful, grand and sublime,
And tarries here but for a little time;
Then goes with man to the vast fields above,
All objects of God's beneficence and love.

KEEP CLIMBING.

If the road of life is rugged,
And a thorny path your way,
Never mind, but keep on climbing, —
Go up higher ev'ry day.
Little atoms joined together
Form this beautiful green earth;
Steady labor, constant effort,
Makes the man of greatest worth.

Mind and spirit are unfolding
Upward to a grander sphere;
Better views of life and living
Dawn upon us far more clear.
Sweeter thoughts are slowly creeping
Day by day into the mind;
Noble striving, worthy seeking,
Will Earth's hidden treasures find.

When on ev'ry side comes swelling
Dark and turbid waves of doubt,
Go up higher, and more brightly
Will be seen the best way out.

Give not up to vain repinings,
Hottest fires but burn the dross;
We are like gold when refining,—
Are made brighter by each loss.

The crucible of hard trials
Each must bravely learn to bear,
Using well the golden moments,—
There are none that we can spare;
The road which all are traveling
Has many dark windings here,
But becomes less rough and broken
As its ending draweth near.

In youth, thought mounts and soars away
On strong, hopeful, buoyant wings,—
A vivid imagination
Its bright mantle o'er us flings;
Responsibility and care
We forsake and leave behind,
While duty, procrastination
In its idle arms doth bind.

In manhood cares and burdens
Come upon us thick and fast,—
All the world in great commotion
Seems to have awoke at last.

The bird that sang for us in youth
Sings another wiser song,—
Its music is experience,
Making mankind brave and strong.

Then stop not at little trials
But march forward while you can;
Practice rigid self-denial,
It will make you more the man.
Ev'ry time that you self conquer,
And some base passion master,
You will find you are advancing
Up life's great hill much faster.

WHISPERS.

Let all those who delight to show
How much or little they may know,
One thought upon the world bestow
In beauty's shroud;

The noble mind withholds its jeers,
While lesser and ignoble peers
Come to the front with full-grown ears,
And bray aloud.

SAY WHAT YOU MEAN.

Be manly and speak out your mind;
  Declare what you think is right,
Is the best way the truth to find,
  Which fills all the mind with light.

Fear not some gawk will cast a frown,
  Or some fool be made to scowl;
Heed not the bark of any cur,
  Nor a lion's snarl or growl.

Be what great Nature first designed,
  A true, pure and upright man;
No sacred right ever resign,
  But be master when you can.

Prove to the world that you are here,
  For that never-ending fame
Which lifts the soul above the dross
  Of corroding sin and shame.

Say to old fogies, Clear the track;
  Progression is under way,
And never turns to catch the clack,
  Or observe what others say.

Who 'll care what Madam Grundy says,
When a hundred years have flown?
She cannot lengthen out our days,
Nor assist us when we're gone.

First please yourself, and never mind
The mouths and ugly faces
Which are made at you by a blind
And stupid set of asses.

Cast out all faults you find in self
Ere seek those of another;
Make clean your garments ere you seek
To cleanse those of your brother.

Strive hard against oppressive rules,
Treat kindly your poor neighbor;
Support reforms that do exalt
And teach the world to labor.

Respect self and all mankind;
Bow not to superstitions,
But let the spirit here unfold
Its highest inspirations.

Keep on the side of the oppressed,
Tread down all petty minions
Who would our liberties despoil,
Or trim their symbol's pinions.

Stand firm for freedom to all men,
No matter name or nation,
And this alone demand of them,
That they shun degradation.

Lift up your voice, and cry aloud
Against sin and oppression;
And of true manhood be you proud,
If it's in your possession.

Assist each soul to stand upright
Before Truth's sacred altar;
Let good works for all sins atone,
In duty never falter.

Speak out your mind; avoid pretense
Or hypocritic fawning;
And think not justice an offense
When Truth's bright star is dawning.

Let wisdom guard your daily walk;
Bestow love on each mortal:
Then will you find your labors here
Key to the heavenly portal.

And when Death shall unlock the door
To that Aiden land of rest,
The poor man's blessing or his prayer
May serve your soul the best.

DEATH.

WHY should mankind Death's presence dread?
Why fear his touch and power?
The living are the only dead
To beauties he doth shower.

We make him kill all things beneath
Ourselves, that we may live;
Then call him monster every breath
For blessings he doth give.

We make him kill the rich and poor
By war and cruel strife;
Then turn and call him "tyrant grim"
Because he lives on life.

We starve the orphans at our door
Who beg in rags for bread,
And for taking them to heaven's shore
Pour curses on his head.

These poor, frail bodies full of pain
He takes and lays away,
That we may join an angel train
In realms of endless day.

What would we do did Death not come?
Hold we this earth so dear
That we could this bleak desert roam,
When waits a brighter sphere?

Look at that feeble, poor old man,
Whose moanings fill the earth:
Think you he'd murmur at the plan
Which brings him higher birth?

Why call we Death an enemy?
He is our truest friend:
'T is he that opes the golden gate
Through which we must ascend.

He frees us from all earthly woes,
That we may mount on high;
Our bodies in a sweet repose
He lays so calmly by.

He transforms us to angels bright,
And swings the gate of heaven, —
God's messenger from spheres of light:
To him be honor given.

THE SOUL'S PROGRESS.

Let the loud thunders roar, surge, roll and crash,
Let lightnings limpid with death their ire flash,
Let matter with the pain of earthquakes roll,
Let her open a grave from pole to pole, —
Yet onward and upward will we progress,
Till we reach the realm of true happiness.

Let that force and substance which form the soul
In Nature's retort be again controlled,
And enter once more that nebulous zone
Whose fineness surpasses that fabled throne, —
Still on and on will we speed forever,
And the soul from progress naught shall sever.

Our flight will increase as our powers progress,
Till the soul shall make the lightnings confess
That they are too slow in their speed and flight
To cruise the vast realm of the infinite,
And a swifter train the spirit will need
As on forever its powers shall speed.

When I view lines of eternities past,
And think of our great flight from first to last,

How we forced our way through finest crystal,
And rested the soul in a flower's pistil,
How small were we then, scarce a parasite's eye,
As we rode bright sunbeams through the deep sky.

All kingdoms we've traversed that belong to earth,
In all forms of life the soul has had birth:
A polarized point of force man begun,
Through all coming cycles of time will run,
A conscious entity henceforth shall move,
The image of Him who is wisdom and love.

WHISPERS.

THE best religion is that faith or belief which keeps us calm in the midst of excitement, courageous in danger, cautious when tempted, consistent in our actions, conscientious in our views, circumspect in our conduct, and contented with whatever lot Nature may bestow upon us.

Repentance that brings not reformation is a mockery, and leads to greater and baser deception.

LIFE'S CROWN.

When life's cares and temptations assail,
And Dame Fortune stands ready to frown,
There comes a deep peace stealing o'er me,
While a sweet voice says, "Wait for thy crown."
Not such as adorns the proud monarch,
Engemmed with the fine diamonds of earth,
But one that is bright with rare jewels,—
Noble deeds of more excellent worth.

With a hand both ready and willing
All ignorance and wrong to oppose,
I'll stand with the beautiful angels,
And war hard against error's dark foes,
Who are seeking the weak and unwary,
With temptations enticing them down:
For I know each soul of my helping
Will add one more bright star to my crown.

When I view the number of shepherds
Who are clothed with the fleece of their flocks,
As I gaze on earth's lazy stewards
Gambling with their moneys and stocks,

I rejoice my spirit is humble,
Seeking neither surplice nor gown,
Contented in doing life's duties,
Awaiting a far worthier crown.

For wealth I have little attraction,
For life's styles not one whit of respect;
I bow not in bondage to passion,
Which degrades the soul or intellect.
Coarse wit is a species of garbage
My effort here shall be to put down,
For I know all such is unworthy
Of me or my bright, beautiful crown.

My pathway lies plainly before me,
Mapped out by my angelic guides:
I see my bark tossed by the tempest,
And swept on by the swift-flowing tides;
But, trusting in Truth, my brave pilot,
I fear not my good ship will go down,
But safely will reach that fair harbor
Where my labors have earned me a crown.

WHISPERS.

Poison not infancy with deception, youth with vanity, or manhood with flattery.

CAST NOT PEARLS BEFORE SWINE.

Cast not your pearls and jewels bright
Before ignorant mankind,
Or, like the swine, with all their might
They will be sure to squeal and fight,
Because you possess a mind.

Consider well the when and where
And to whom your thoughts you speak;
Remember, fools are everywhere,
And gems of thought they'll rend and tear,
Not knowing good sense from Greek.

'T is comprehension's power they lack,
As well as the style of grace:
I would to God there were a rack
So high and tight that not a crack
Would gape to their ugly face.

They bristle, at ev'ry thought expressed,
From the head down to the foot;
And some with meanness are so blessed
You 'd think their share in earth's bequest
Was an appendage to root.

There are many such; if brought to mind
Their names we well remember:
They 're neither manly nor refined,
But like nine-day pups, are yet blind,
And mentally quite slender.

They may be found in ev'ry place,
In each business, sect and class;
The professions they oft disgrace;
Are a scourge and pest to any race
Excepting their own, the ass.

How oft must angels pity them
Upon so low a level, —
When they throw off the garb of men,
And what they 've not in all condemn:
They shame the very devil.

They make us weep, they make us mourn,
Yea, all of our ardor cool;
We sigh for them, we cry for them,
Feel bad and deeply mourn for them,
As did Doesticks for Damphool.

WHISPERS.

CULTIVATE peace within thyself: then shalt thou have no cause of war with thy neighbor.

CONSCIOUSNESS.

When consciousness oblivion's bonds first broke,
And leaped from the jaws of eternal night,
God to a universe of chaos spoke,
When law and order dawned upon his sight.

And as each sped on through unbounded space,
Worlds and systems took up their line of march,
While life and beauty sprang to fill each place
Within th' infinite orbit of his arch.

From the empyrean heights angels sprang
To greet and welcome Nature's potent plan,
While from the lower spheres were anthems sung
Heralding the birth of the race of man.

Countless ages into vast cycles rolled
Ere light of reason dawned upon the world,
While gray-bearded Time in his flight so bold
To the gates of unending death was hurled.

God's consciousness, absolute and supreme,
Makes past, present and future all the same,
While to man life seems a fast-fading dream;
His thoughts, the flashes of a dying flame.

I'M JUST AS YOUNG, ETC.

I'm just as young to-day as when
I was but seventeen;
My sense of pleasure full as sharp,
My love of fun as keen.
I only know I'm getting old
By all the years now past,
And silver locks around my brow
Which time alone has cast.

Oft in my mind I wander back
To childhood's happy hours,
And, sporting, ramble all day long
Among the pretty flowers;
Or to the meadow with my dog
Go romping off to play,
Or watch old Top-knot on her nest,
To bring her egg away.

I love the winding brook the same,
The orchard and the grove;
The little miss, now larger grown,
With whom I used to rove;

The fragrant pines, the old hill-side,
All still have charms for me;
It cannot be that I am old,
When I'm so full of glee.

My body is not quite as round
And plump about the hips;
Perhaps my teeth are not as white,
Nor cherry-red my lips;
But then a hug and kiss right now
I could as much enjoy
As when I used to squeeze the girls,
A careless, romping boy.

I love a dainty slipper now
As much as e'er I did;
A pretty hand as white as snow,
Dressed up in stylish kid;
Bright blushing cheeks and dimpled chin,
With lips of ruby hue,
And eyes that make me think of heaven
In their calm azure blue.

I think I now could spark a girl
As well as I did then;
Perhaps might show myself as soft,
If not as warm and green,

And enjoy th' process full as well
As when I used to go
Five miles or more, three times a week,
To see my darling Joe.

And since I love the ladies now,
It seems some proof, indeed,
That I've not changed regarding them,
Nor let love go to seed;
But keep the verdant flower yet
Vased safely in my heart,—
Which makes me think that time has not
Changed me in any part.

The pleasures that this life affords
To manhood in its prime
Are not disturbed or injured by
The flight of old King Time;
For every round of merriment
Which I have ever quaffed
Is fixed forever in my soul,
And on it photographed.

The friends I cherished in my youth
Are scattered far and near;
Some have gone to the summer-land,
And some are dwelling here;

But in the changes that have been
I have not older grown;
My spirit is as light and gay
As when in youth it shone.

I know ere long I'll quit this plane
And go to one that's higher;
But will not change my feelings then,
Nor lose a spark of fire
Which now shoots forth its golden flames
Within my throbbing breast,—
I shall have merely doffed my coat
To show my spirit-vest.

WHISPERS.

PARTAKE not of joys or pleasures purchased at the expense of some other's happiness.

Be kind to those that serve us: for our places may be reversed in the future that the law of compensation be executed.

Some minds are like hotel and boarding-house hash-tubs: they receive all kinds of scraps and scrapings to be re-dished to hungry patrons.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

Mind your own business wherever you are,
Will be found the wisest of ways;
And where there is time in plenty to spare,
Spend it not in foolish displays.

Give not your advice unsought to mankind;
Proffered counsel, 't is said, doth smell,
While those to whom offered will be inclined
To think it too cheap to last well.

Whatever is gained through labor and pain
Is valued according to cost;
But where the price has been "Thank you,"
'tis plain
Its merit and worth were both lost.

Improve the talents that Nature bestows:
They are the strong arms of the mind:
Charity is not the balm for those woes
Which come to the indolent kind.

Be faithful o'er all things placed in your care,
And you 'll prove to angels your worth;
Who by their counsels will guide ev'rywhere,
And aid 'midst the trials of earth.

Mind your own business, and uproot the weeds
Which spring up around your own door;
And, when you have time, plant a few seeds
To garner on the summer-land shore.

Meddle not with other people's affairs:
When they need, they will seek your advice;
Arise in the morning, and after your prayers
Take of "Mind your own business" a slice.

Praise God by aiding that poor, erring child
Who is tempted to go the wrong way;
See that no other by you is defiled,
Or from virtue's path ever doth stray.

Mind your own business, and all will be well;
Leave others to tend to their own:
Then with your neighbor contented you'll dwell,
And each reap whereof you have sown.

WHISPERS.

KEEP thy mind as full of charity and kindness for the weak and erring as the heavens are of bright stars: then wilt thou be able to guide many a wanderer to the haven of peace, hope and happiness.

MIND MUSINGS.

Oh, how began immortal man?
  Where was he when all was new?
How came he here upon this sphere
  Whence the countless forms we view?

I cannot show: I simply know
  That I live, move, think and breathe,
And with a power from some fair bower
  Thoughts and words in beauty wreathe.

From whence was brought the power of thought?
  How was formed the human mind?
And was it made to die and fade,
  No future to crave or find?

No! thunders forth o'er all the earth
  This mighty inspiration:
Self cultivate, man elevate, —
  Thine's a high destination.

Shall that command, "Strive with thy hand
  Six full days out of seven,"
Be all we need in us to breed
  A condition ripe for heaven?

No, says a voice: rise and rejoice;
Go, labor without ceasing;
With all thy might serve Truth and Right,
All thy soul-powers increasing:
Simply laboring with the hands
Will not satisfy Heaven's demands.

How do we hear? What makes us see?
The dead have both ears and eyes:
I think there must be more of us
Than within the senses lies.

What gives us taste? How do we feel?
The dead have a tongue and hands,
Yet kiss on lip or finger-tip
Shows not that they understand.

Who here doth know but joy and woe
May end as they first began,
And care and strife cease with this life,
Thus ending the hopes of man?

Dwells there remorse in lifeless corse
When its earth-race is ended?
Or who can know or clearly show
That soul has e'er ascended?

Man doth aspire for something higher
Than in life he has attained:
But does that prove there is above
Endless life to be maintained?

Demand is cause, supply effect;
And as they each other speed,
May we not say another day
For mankind has been decreed?

Sometimes I feel a burning zeal
To know more of life and self,
And that spirit will inherit
Something more than earth's poor pelf.

But whence we came, or whither go,
I know not, nor can tell;
But this I know, where'er we go
Is best, and all is well.

WHISPERS.

SLANDER is the filth that accumulates in diseased minds.

Idleness is the seed that brings forth poverty and crime.

ASK ME NOT TO LISTEN.

Oh, ask me not to listen to the sound of idle words:
I would much rather harken to the music of the birds;
Then time is not so plenty that I can throw it away,—
Therefore please keep your gossip, I abhor its vile display.

Oh, ask me not to listen to any slanderous trash;
My moments are too precious, they bring me my ready cash;
And I must not employ them in garnering up gross filth,
When I know a nobler use would return me greater wealth.

Show me none of the arrows that others may shoot at me,—
They may be tipped with poison and might wound or injure thee:

So leave alone such weapons when you go among
your friends,
For fear they might suspicion you of mean, ignoble
ends.

Do not bestrew my pathway with temptation's
loathsome seeds,—
They might destroy my flowers, when naught but
unwholesome weeds
Would spring up in their places to make me sadly
repine:
Oh, give me something purer, more beautiful and
divine.

Pour not in the friendly ear those accursed cor-
roding drops
Which curdle our greatest joys and the stream of
pleasure stops,
But bestow upon the soul wisdom, charity and
love,
Teaching all a nobler use for their talents from
above.

Oh, gather not up the filth which floats down the
stream of life;
Empty your mental pockets of all low and paltry
strife;

Firmly grasp the hand of right: it will lead you to that rest
Where the pure and true are happy, the good supremely blest.

Display not within my sight deformities of others,
But show me the brightest side of my sisters and brothers:
I much prefer the sunshine to the dark and gloomy night,
And I feel far more secure in its warm and genial light.

I do not like to inhale the miasma of the swamps,
It gives a freezing ague which my being sorely cramps:
Then I feel a purer air would give far better health,
Uncharged by lies and scandal which complete some people's wealth.

I have no wish to handle any serpent's slimy coils,
Nor longing disposition for domesticated broils:
My two hands are best employed when relieving of the poor,
Keeping the wolf of hunger from the weeping orphan's door.

Public or private meddlers are great nuisances at best,
And oft excite within us a deep prayer with this request,—
That God will soon deliver our broad land from all that class,
And to some other country give to each a gratis pass.

It is a quaint old adage, I'm inclined to think it true,
That the cur that brings one bone never leaves with less than two:
Therefore I ask all persons with such a disposition
To seek some other quarter to launch their petty mission.

'Tis roses we should gather as we tread the upward road,—
They'll bless us most hereafter in our summer-land abode,
Where each one a bright jewel in our crown we there will see,
As we sound the angel chorus to the song of jubilee.

The good we do will follow, no matter where we may go;
So also will the baseness that we in the world may sow:

Therefore please do not blame me if my words
are somewhat plain,—
I long to see all beings on a higher mental plane.

Then ask me not to listen while you others' faults
parade;
Leave off the accursed habit, no longer self de-
grade.
Stop tattling, slandering, lying; let your nobler
powers shine,
Then my glad ear shall hearken and my speech be
ever fine.

WHISPERS.

A HAPPY disposition is like the breath of roses: it gladdens the heart, and sheds a sweet fragrance o'er all the earth.

Impress not psychologically the mind of any with the thought that they are bad. Sometimes men are made liars and thieves by calling them such.

Anger is like the boomerang: the higher it ascends, the deeper it wounds in its return.

INFINITUDE.

What art thou that man should seek thee to
clasp,
Or hold full comprehension in his grasp
Of all thou art?
For time nor deity could e'er enhance
Thy vast and illimitable expanse
In any part.

Thou art centre and circumference in one,
Through which unending worlds their orbits run
Eternally.
God's great domain, unbounded, unconfined,
Graced and adorned by his inspiring mind
Supernally.

All heights and depths are lost in thy extent;
Immensity itself is fully spent
In founding thee.
While wisdom of Nature exalted soars,
And thy vast arcana fills and explores,
While bounding thee.

Could man but travel with the speed of thought,
Be with imagination's swift wings fraught
For untold ages,
He could not scan thy unbound volume o'er,
Nor a ten-thousandth part of it explore, —
Scarce one of its pages.

WHISPERS.

CHANGE is written on all things that are,
As onward rolls God's pond'rous car, —
A world of worlds, with unnumbered souls,
That one eternal Cause enfolds.

Behold to-day the flower's sweet breath;
To-morrow it 's embraced by death,
And faded leaves all that's left to tell
Of the life which oped its tiny bell.

To-day man's spirit the earth enjoys,
To-morrow seeks some brighter sphere;
Life builds a hope; Death that destroys;
And all we have planned doth disappear.

A PAIR OF OLD SHOES.

Old, worn-out shoes, what strings of news
You might to us unravel —
Of where you've been and sights you've seen
Since you began to travel.

No doubt you 've run where mirth and fun
Set many sides to shaking;
And scrapes you 've had would drive us mad,
Or set our bones to quaking.

In the gay dance you oft did prance
And tip the toe fantastic;
Or with your girl, in round-dance whirl,
Vied with things more elastic.

At church you 've been, where loads of sin
Were emptied at the altar,
And heard folks lie to Him on high,
Nor even stop to falter.

An earnest pair, you 've tended prayer,
And enjoyed the many greetings
Of those who go themselves to show,
Or view the styles at meetings.

Oh, what a heaven, had eyes been given,
Might have been seen on high,
Where bright orbs play through th' milky way
As the evening draweth nigh.

Midst frost and snow and bright fires' glow
Of gay saloon and parlor,
Your own perfume, "eau de Cologne,"
Has blent with Lubin's odor.

Your well-shaped shank betrays the rank
Of the soul; your sole-leather,
So snug and warm, preserved from harm
Through wet and windy weather.

But fashions rage, and this fast age
Have ta'en from you all merit,
So here you'll stay, where now you lay,
Locked up in this old garret.

You are the same as that fair dame
Will be, in a few brief years,
Who wore you out and kicked about
Your soles with boisterous jeers.

But when abuse destroys our use
We will but slightly vary;
You will be dry, while she and I
May not feel half so merry.

CHANGE.

A LITTLE germ from out earth springeth
To catch the sunshine and the dew;
Heavenly beauties here it bringeth
More brilliant than the rainbow's hue.

At first a little blade appeareth,
Then next a stalk, a leaf and bud;
Soon a beautiful flower it beareth,
Breathing its perfumed praise to God.

To it another change then cometh,
When it goes to its earthly tomb;
But in a brighter land it shineth,
Where flowers of fadeless beauty bloom.

Onward and upward still ascending,
Rising, it soars to fairer spheres,
More perfect beauties ever blending
On throughout the eternal years.

Change is both giving and receiving,
Making brighter all that is here;
When most bestowing most improving,
Unfolding for the angel sphere.

Who would build for himself a garden,
And place therein a cozy bower,
Then employ a fine floral warden
To cultivate a single flower?

Change is needful to all the living,
Expanding, widening mind and soul,
Receiving most when most art giving,
By giving all, obtain the whole.

None should become so narrow-minded
To beauty Nature here bestows
As to be to other flowers blinded
Because their taste prefers the rose.

Nature generous forces lendeth
To give the world true happiness;
Power and beauty forever blendeth,
And by the change each other bless.

WHISPERS.

CHARITY kisses the hand that strikes,
And in silence heals the wound received.

He who hides the weakness of a friend
Bestows a kindness that has no end.

CHICAGO.

On a plain stood a city, the pride of the West,
For growth, wealth and beauty her fame was the best;
Her commerce extended o'er lakes, seas and lands,
Opening great, broad arms to industry's hands.

Her schools and academies of science 'nd art
Brought noble aspiration and joy to each heart,
While many a pupil, resounding her name,
Extolled her rare beauty, and widened her fame.

The tall spires of vast temples, where many souls fled
To offer their prayers to our Fountain and Head,
Rose up as beacons on the coast of the skies,
Pointing to a harbor where no storms arise.

But where is she now? Ay, let the fire-king tell,
And all of those beings that in her did dwell,
Who once had abundance of earth's golden store,
But are now beggars on Lake Michigan's shore.

A spark in a hovel, caught up by the breeze,
Shot forth like a demon its master to please.
It shot madly through alleys and streets, a vast flood,
Flaming, roaring and rushing in fierce, angry mood.

Those academies of art, science and learning,
Where our country's youth, with noble zeal burning,
Put forth their efforts to excel in their day,
Are now dark ruins of smouldering decay.

Those churches and temples with their dazzling spires
Are now where will end all our earthly desires.
Th' truths expressed in them alone will remain
To bless the true worshipers on this domain.

Those beautiful mansions of brick, marble and stone,
Where many fond hearts found a shelter and home,
Are now but mere dust lying at the roadside,
Like their owners, divested of glory and pride.

The red, hot, hissing flames, lashed on by the wind,
Licked up in their greed ev'rything they could find,
Without any regard for the rich or poor,
While th' demon of terror sped swiftly before.

Fond fathers and mothers, with hearts full of prayer,
Besought the destroyer their treasures to spare;
But while the red flames kissed the angel of night
They saw their possessions all pass from their sight.

No home for themselves or their loved ones so dear,
Their hearts full of grief, how forlorn they appear;
Some with invalid parents brave men did save
From embrace of the flames for a pauper's grave.

Look at that mother with a babe on her breast,
And then at those children with hunger distressed;
Then behold that father with head bowed in grief,
Who sees their distress, but can give no relief.

Homeless widows and orphans—hear, hear their sad cries!
How sorrowful 'nd mournful their wailings arise,
And mix with the roarings of this tempest of flame,
Which hurls to the ground many mansions of fame.

Will not God respect yon beautiful dome,
Beneath which are found both an altar and home
For all those good children of his upon earth,
Made so by immersion, adoption and birth?

Where now are his righteous he hears when they
pray?
Oh, let them engage him without more delay,
And ask that he lull this tempestuous breath,
And hurl it back quickly to th' strong arms of
death.

Proud city of the West, accept thy sad doom;
Bear upward thy trust through this darkness and
gloom:
For again in grandeur more glorious thou 'lt rise,
And become the centre of our nation's supplies.

A lesson thou 'st learned in this hour of thy fall, —
That an angel stands ready, at th' heart's first call,
To respond to the cries of a poor brother,
And by ties of friendship link souls t' each other.

Sister cities and towns contributed their mite;
At thy sufferings fled all envy and spite,
Each striving with each, seeing which should excel
In bestowing most thy great woes to dispel.

Th' angel Charity rolled Want's stone from thy
door,
And spread out her vast wings to shelter thy poor;
For thee the whole nation has a sigh and tear
given,
With earnest petitions to the Father in heaven.

Preserve thy fair name, then: let justice and truth
Adorn thee and bless thee once more in thy growth:
Then like a phœnix thou shalt come forth again,
The pride of thy country, the joy of the plain.

Be strong, then, Chicago, for, though thou hast bled,
Thy great heart still beats; ay, and thou art not dead;
Nor yet to disaster a poor, cowardly slave;
For, like Christ, thou shalt conquer, and rise from thy grave.

Oct. 15, 1871.

WHISPERS.

Love veils her eyes when her idol sins,
And with sweet tears blots out the wrong.

Grief and anguish are the sculptors
That shape us up to the divine.

Conscience smites the great giant Wrong,
And binds him with a thread of right.

Revenge is the coward's weapon,
With which he strikes when least exposed.

THE OLD YEAR.

Speak softly, th' old year is dying,—
  Low twelve, and he'll be no more;
His spirit is fast departing,
  It brinks the eternal shore.
Tread lightly, nor break the quiet
  That hangs o'er the solemn hour;
Your adieus most gently whisper
  To this monarch shorn of his power.

Whatever of good he brought you,
  Give praise, rejoice and be glad;
Whatever of ills, remember
  They might have been far more sad;
Let only kindest thoughts linger
  Within sweet memory's urn,
And for the joys of the old year
  Your heartfelt praises return.

We too, like the year, are dying:
  Our end may not be so nigh,
But soon *low twelve* will be knelling
  Our last and final good-by.

Then whatever of good or evil
We've done to bring joy or pain,
Will bring to us peace or sorrow
In our last final refrain.

Good-by, Old Year, and be happy,—
I see thou art almost gone;
Rest, rest henceforth from thy labors,
Enjoy the crown thou hast won.
Th' New Year is blowing his whistle,
He jostles *Old Time* to-night;
Like the Christ babe in the manger,
He heralds a world of light.

DO YOUR BEST.

SHINE on: though other stars more bright
Reflect a larger, clearer light,
You do your best;
If but one talent has been given,
Use for humanity and heaven
The small bequest.

Let ev'ry act be nobly done,
Let ev'ry race be fairly won,
Where e'er you dwell;
In all you think, in all you do,
Be to your self divinely true,—
Seek to excel.

Think not the ladder all thine own
Which leads to Truth's eternal throne
And wisdom's fount.
No: it belongs to all the race,
And ev'ry round the soul must trace
To higher mount.

Let critics pick and blockheads scoff,
Let donkeys bray and witlings laugh,
It is their right;
Your little fountain still let flow
To those poor souls who wait below
Asking for light.

The moon does quite as much when dark,
With its calm face and borrowed spark,
As though a sun;
Thus all who do their duty here,
Be it in high or lowly sphere,
May sing, Well done.

Fear not, then, should thy little ray
Be dimmed by some great orb of day;
Shine on, shine on, —
Thy efforts will be understood
And end in universal good
When life is done.

TO A JANUARY FLOWER.

Ye little, smiling, bonny gem,
Suspended by your dainty stem,
Whence did ye come?
And if ye will not count me rude
One other question I'd intrude,
Where's been your home?

Sure, when the year grew gray and old,
And storms and winds blew bleak and cold,
Ye were not here;
For had ye been, my pretty flower,
Jack Frost would have crept in your bower
And nipped your ear.

But yester' morn where now ye are
I saw a wee bud, bright and fair
With coat of green;
May be some genii turned the bud
Into yourself with magic rod,—
Wast so, sweet queen?

And may the genii not return,
And into something higher turn
Yourself again,
And thus keep on until ye rise
And crown the fairest floral prize
On angel plain?

Methinks I see ye now ascend
By that rare sweetness which doth lend
Your spirit wings,
And, as your bright form floats away,
Within the soul methinks you say,
"Death has no stings."

That beauty is the child of love
Which doth descend from realms above
To souls refined,
That it may bud and blossom here,
And shed its fragrance ev'rywhere
To bless mankind.

THE HERMIT'S CELL.

Give me the hermit's cell where quiet reigns,
Rather than the busy mart where sordid gains
Distort the better nature of mankind,
And drag the image of the eternal mind
From its high seat of glory, pure and fair,
Down, down to lowest depths of dumb despair.

Though outwardly the first seems most alone,
Shut out from fellowship with those who roam
In social groups the cities of the earth,
Where all is bright with youth and beaming mirth,
Yet 'tis not so: for in soul he doth walk
Where countless angels with his spirit talk.

His is the better state, for he is free,—
No custom binds him with distasteful bands;
The brook, field, forest and immensity
All speak of a glorious liberty,
Beyond earth's ever-changing, shifting sand,
Where naught but love and truth the soul expand.

Hunger nor thirst doth e'er his vitals gnaw,
His wants are such as only heaven inspires;
He lives above that inhuman, human law
That feeds the passions from pollution's craw;
The pabulum of thought from reason's fires
Gives full nourishment to his soul's desires.

Oh! blessed state, to be thus housed with good,
Away from envy, malice and deceit,
From lies and villanies, that shameful brood
That hatches out within the multitude,
And drags man down to that low retreat
Where vice sits supreme 'nd ruin is complete.

No voice but that of Nature greets the ear,
No sight but her to meet the grateful eye,
On her pure breast he rests devoid of fear,—
Her guarding spirit, ever standing near,
Bids him the Saviour Truth to deify,
For those who worship it can never die.

WHISPERS.

As spice gives relish to the food,
So wit and humor warm the blood.

A DESIRE.

Let this frail tenement of clay
  Enrich the earth from whence it came,
But as we pass from it away
  May there no sense of grief or shame
Disturb us for a deed we've done
Nor rob us of one laurel won.

Our life is like a summer's day,—
  Our morning fresh and sweet with flowers;
Our noonday bright without decay
  Of one of Nature's noblest powers;
Our evening, may it be serene
As early morning life has been.

Clouds have swept o'er us, oft and dark,
  And some were fierce and full of storm,
But still they did not drive our bark
  On rocks or shoals that could us harm:
A guiding hand there seemed to be
To act as pilot through life's sea.

Oh! guiding Hand, what e'er thou art,
  Continue on to lead us still,
That we may act the noblest part
  Of life in going down life's hill;
That when death's valley we shall roam,
Our works may live, though we be gone.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 165 449 8